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NEDL TRANSFER



HN 236A S

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mo - hair
con - rain

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ole - up
com - hair
a - ware
well - face
be ware

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THE GRADUAL READER



NEW-YORK.

DANIEL BURGESS & CO., 60 JOHN STREET.

(LATE COPY)

(1888)

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A SEQUEL

TO THE

GRADUAL READER.

BY

DAVID B. TOWER, A. M.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE PARK LATIN SCHOOL,

AND

CORNELIUS WALKER, A. M.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE WELLS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

NEW YORK:
DANIEL BURGESS & CO., 60 JOHN STREET,
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1852.

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PREFACE.

THE extensive and increasing use of the Gradual Reader, published in 1841, and the often-urged request of teachers for another book of a similar character to precede the North American Second Class Reader, have resulted in the preparation of the "Sequel," adapted to the capacities of the children in the middle classes of our common schools.

Many of the reading lessons have been entirely rewritten, and the others, for the most part, so altered from the original, that it is deemed inexpedient to give the authors' names. Suffice it to say, the selections are generally from the best writers of our country, northern and southern, and of England. The pieces, with two or three exceptions, have the merit of being new, and it is hoped such as will interest as well as instruct the young reader.

To cultivate a taste for the pure, the beautiful, and the true, is the surest safeguard against the demoralizing influence of the mawkish sentimentalism and gilded vice which are sown broadcast over the land, creating and ministering to a depraved appetite. Consequently, the pure and the elevating in moral sentiment, the beautiful and the sublime

in nature, the simple and the truthful in actual life, have been sought for by us, as the only healthy food for the growing mind. With these views, we have tried to exclude the flat, unprofitable pieces, too generally selected for the class of readers for whom this book is designed; as if a reading lesson, to be simple and easy, must necessarily be unmeaning and silly. How far we have accomplished these desirable ends, must be left to the discernment of school committees and teachers to decide.

Grammatically, much labor has been expended in trying to remove all obscurity arising from looseness of expression, and the many inaccuracies that too often abound in writings intended for the young.

A few lessons are given in articulation, to aid teachers in removing the more prominent faults of those pupils who have never been regularly trained to distinctness of utterance by the Exercises in the Gradual Reader.

The simple explanations, with tables and illustrative examples, of inflection, emphasis, &c., are commended to the notice of teachers, not for their instruction, but that they may have at hand suitable exercises for drilling pupils on any one of those points, should their deficiency render it necessary.

PARK STREET, BOSTON,
October, 1852.

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INTRODUCTION.

To attain the vocal requisites of good reading, the voice must be constantly subjected to gymnastic exercises, and its powers developed by elementary training.

The daily practice of the vocal artist is not upon tunes to thrill an audience, but upon the scales and exercises designed to develop and maintain purity, strength, and compass of voice.

When thousands hung in breathless ecstasy on the magic tones of a Jenny Lind, little dreamed they of the hours and years of incessant toil to produce and control such powers — toil, where each day's exercise was but a repetition of the preceding, so intense, that it is no wonder even her devotion and enthusiasm sometimes faltered.

Many, gifted in intellect, and of superior cultivation, have deeply felt the power of Shakspeare's mighty mind; but how few, like a Kemble, have so cultivated the vocal powers that they could convey those emotions of the soul, in all their grandeur and thrilling beauty, to another's heart.

Mighty, that the human mind can so portray the passions of the human soul, that the wise and the ignorant may equally recognize the picture! Mightier, that the human voice can so *personify* them, that the learned and the unlearned will stand in breathless waiting, to see them start from the canvas!

Few messengers of the Bible, pleading the great truths of divine wisdom and love, ever so convinced the intellect and moved the heart as Whitefield. Yet the best that has come down to us from him, will but ill compare with the written sermons of our preachers of to-day. By the vocal power of eloquence he overcame the determined will of Franklin, and led captive even his judgment.

Knowledge may be power; but the human voice, trained by art, is the lever by which this power must be applied to move the great living masses.

ARTICULATION.

Purity of tone and exact pronunciation are the most essential *vocal* requisites of good reading.

The pupil, then, must be subjected to a continued drill in suitable exercises upon the *vowels* to give him purity of tone, and upon the *consonants* and their *combinations* to give him a correct and distinct articulation.

Such exercises are found in the preceding Readers of this series, especially in the Gradual Reader; and the learner is now supposed to be somewhat proficient in their utterance.

Still, to retain facility and grace of utterance, these exercises should never be laid aside during his school days; therefore they have been published without the reading lessons, that every pupil may have them by him for daily drill.

With this reference of articulation to the other Readers, a few examples will here be given, for drilling the pupil in the correct utterance of only *unaccented* elements and combinations, which are liable to imperfect or wrong pronunciation.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. *Ant, ants, ance.*

These unaccented syllables are mispronounced, as if the vowel element were short *u*. The vowel *a* should retain its fourth sound, like *a* in *hat*, though it should be given feebly and obscurely. Let the *a* be given *pure* in the following examples, but be very careful not to *overdo*, so as to make the pronunciation stiff and awkward.

Tyrants, constant, constantly, instant, instantly, abundant, abundantly, abundance, utterance, important, importance, descendants, vigilance, verdant, constancy, instance, vigilantly, verdancy, currants.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
 These fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales.
 In every ear incessant rumors rang.
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?

2. *Ent, ents, ence.*

These syllables, when not under accent, instead of the natural sound of short *e*, given feebly and obscurely, are often uttered as if written with short *u*. Avoid this error with the same precaution as in Exercise 1.

Commencement, argument, present, presents, independent, independently, independence, different, differently, difference, vehement, vehemence, sentence, reference, imprudent, imprudence, astonishment, magnificent, magnificence, confidence, cadence, current, enjoyments.

Truth is the basis of all excellence.
 The experience of want enhances the value of plenty.
 Resentment is always followed by grief.
 How mysterious are the ways of Providence!
 Then silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

3. *Er as in her.*

Unaccented *er* is liable to be pronounced as if written *üh*; whereas it should have the sound of *er* in *her*, though more feebly uttered.

Ever, never, every, governor, govern, government, several, modern, general, generally, sovereign, yonder, sisters, matter, liberty, summer, better, numbers, misery, power, mightier, utterly, poverty, waters, covering, fingers.

The smooth stream in smoothen numbers flows.
Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

4. *Ing.*

Unaccented *ing* is mispronounced *in* ; thus, *running* is mis-called *runnin*. The *ing* should have its ringing sound, as in the word *sing*. Be careful not to overdo, and thus transpose the accent.

Flashing, stunning, burning, evening, laying, arming, planning, meaning, reasoning, understanding, shivering, lighting.

Twilight is weeping o'er the pensive rose.
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, possessed beyond
the muse's painting.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies.
True ease in writing comes from art — not chance.
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying.

5. *Kts, lts, mts, nts, sts.*

The element *t*, preceded by *l, m, n, p, s*, or the sound of *k*, and followed by the sound of *s*, is improperly dropped. Thus *acts* is mispronounced *ax* ; *faults* is mis-called *false*. Great care must be taken to sound *t* before the *s*.

Affects, afflicts, facts, effects, conflicts, defects, insects, wilts, hilt, melts, welts, belts, wants, aunts, tents, presents, descendants, enjoyments, joints, viaducts, tempts, prompts, attempts, precepts, adepts, wastes, mists, lists, lasts, hastes, tastes, repasts.

Coming events cast their shadows before.
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain.

Where eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze.
 We sail in tempests down the stream of life.
 The brightest joy oft melts into a tear.

6. *R* followed by a consonant; as, *rm*, *rn*, &c.

The soft sound of *r*, which it should have when preceded by a vowel element in the same syllable, is improperly dropped before a consonant, or, at least, perverted in the utterance. Thus *morn* is mispronounced *mawn*; whereas the *or* should sound as in *nor*. *First* is miscalled *fust*; whereas the *ir* should have the sound of *er* in *her*. In each of these instances the *r* is entirely lost. Be careful to sound the *r*.

Worse, worst, purse, warm, warmer, storm, reform,
 reforming, horse, arms, armed, arts, hearts, parts.

We worship the pilot that weathered the storm.

Then discord sounds alarms,

Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.

There the best of men were treated like the worst.

Thus the loud burst of cannon rends the skies.

7. *Ldz*, *ndz*.

When *d* is preceded by *l* or *n*, and followed by the sound of *z*, it is often imperfectly uttered, and sometimes entirely dropped. To correct this fault, utter the syllable first without the sound of *z*; then with a slight separation between *d* and *z*, and finally together till the *d* can be distinctly heard.

Hands, ends, commands, commends, sounds, gilds, folds,
 yields, wilds, moulds, bands, sands, minds, winds, thou-
 sands, demands.

Friends, kindred, comfort, all are gone.

Hushed now are the whirlwinds that ruffled the deep.

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands:

Stupendous pile! not reared by mortal hands.

For us the spring unfolds her flowers.

Weave fresh the garlands of life for me.

. The darkest scene hope gilds with light.

8. *Shr.*

The element *sh* before *r* is mispronounced, as if written without an *h*. This can be remedied by sounding *sh* fully before joining it with the *r*. As in *shrill*, sound *sh* clearly; then join with *rill*. Do this more and more rapidly till they are uttered together.

Shrill, *shrub*, *shrine*, *shriek*, *shroud*, *shrug*, *shrink*, *shrunk*, *shrank*, *shrive*.

To his eyrie has *shrunk* the gray forest eagle,
And the *shriek* of the panther is heard on the gale.
From *shrub* and plant arose the sweet perfume.
The bat, *shrill* *shrieking*, wooed his dusky mate.
While o'er him fast through sail and *shroud*
The wreathing fires made way.

9. *Ess.*

In unaccented *ess*, the *e*, instead of its short sound, as in *met*, is improperly pronounced like short *i*. Be careful not to overdo in giving *e* its proper sound.

Darkness, laziness, careless, carelessly, greatness, wilderness, ceaseless, restless, hopelessly.

Ah, whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those restless cares?
One rose of the wilderness was left on its stalk.
This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

10. *Ow* like *ō*, and *ows* like *ōz*.

The unaccented termination *ow* is often mispronounced, as if written *er* or *ūh*, and *ows* like *erz* or *ūz*. In the following examples, guard against this error, but be careful not to overdo.

Window, windows, shadow, shadows, fellow, fellows, hollow, mellow, widow, to-morrow.

Deep shadows veiled the trodden path.
Billows are murmuring on the hollow shore.

Who now would wish to stretch this narrow span.
They end with sorrows, as they first begun.

REMARKS.

All the other vocal requisites for giving emphasis or meaning to language, such as inflection, tone, pitch, pause, force, quantity, &c., making a complete system of elocution, with practical illustrations, will be found in the two higher books of the series — the North American First and Second Class Readers.

While the teacher is respectfully referred to the above-mentioned books, a few exercises are here given, that he may use them as examples for illustration, whenever any pupil needs drilling upon a particular point, either to overcome some difficulty, or the better to bring out the entire sentiment of the author.

INFLECTION.

1. The simple suspension of the voice, or slide of only one note, may be observed in counting

óne, twó, thrée, fóur, five, six.

Here the several numbers are uttered with a slight rising slide, indicating that something more may be expected. The last number, *six*, has a downward slide, denoting a close, and showing that the counting is finished.

TABLE OF SLIDES.

2. á, é, í, ó, ú — à, è, ì, ò, ù.

Utter the above vowels with a slide of one note, then with the slide of a third, then of a fifth, and finally of an octave, or as nearly so as the pupil can. Do the same with the following table of slides.

3. Did you say á, or à ? I said à.
 Did you say é, or è ? I said è.
 Did you say í, or ì ? I said ì.
 Did you say ó, or ù ? I said ò.
 Did you say ú, or ò ? I said ù.

The pupil will observe that the intensity or earnestness of the question or assertion depends on the length of the slide.

4. Did he rún, or wàlk ?

Does he pronounce corrèctly, or incorrèctly ?

He speaks corrèctly, not incorrèctly.

What is dóne cannot be ùndone.

You should not say áll, but wèll.

There is a difference between gíve and fòrgive.

That we may die háppily, we must live wèll.

To say the léast, they have done wròng.

We procéed because we have begùn.

Let the pupils simultaneously repeat this and the other tables ; then individually, till they can execute and recognize the different slides.

CIRCUMFLEXES.

The voice, in nearly all emphasis, makes a compound movement, called the *circumflex*, which is a union of the two slides.

The rising circumflex begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide on the same syllable. The fall is seldom so great as the rise.

The falling circumflex begins with the rising and ends with the falling slide ; but the fall is greater than the rise.

5. Table of Rising Circumflexes.

ã, ě, ĭ, ǒ, ů.

Let the pupil utter each very slowly, prolonging the sound, that he may notice the movement of his voice ; then more rapidly. Let him do the same with the following

6. Table of Falling Circumflexes.

á, é, í, ó, ú.

7. In the following sentence, utter the question with a strong rising circumflex on *you*, and it will convey the *sneer* intended in the context. Irony in a question requires the rising circumflex.

To mediate for the queen? Yōu undertook?

8. Prolong the circumflexes, and give them great rise and fall, and you will convey the *irony* intended.

O, but he pāused upon the brink!

9. The following sentence requires the circumflexes to be uttered almost with laughter, as though the idea was too ridiculous to excite any other feeling.

We never tried to cope with Jāmes — Ō, nō.

10. In the following, to give the *surprise* indicated in the context, a succession of words must be emphasized by means of the rising circumflex.

Whāt, Mīchael Cāssio,
That came a-wōoing with you?

11. Here is a fine instance of two on one word, conveying the *irony* most perfectly.

Hear him, my lord; he's wōndrous cōndescēnd-
ing.

MONOTONE.

Monotone is a succession of words uttered on the same note, or nearly so; the slide, if any, being less than the one note usually employed in mere suspension.

Hāil, hōly light, offspring of Heaven first born.

Let the pupil prolong the vowel sounds in the words indicated, taking care to keep them pure and in the same tone.

12. Table of Vowels.

ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

Let the pupil utter each of these, increasing in fulness of sound to the middle, and then decreasing, but on the same note. To aid him in doing this, let him observe that the sound of *a* ends in *e*; *e* ends in *e*; *i* ends in *e*; *o* ends in *oo*; and that *u* ends with its own sound, but begins with *e*.

SEMITONE.

The slide of a half note or semitone is indicative of pity, sadness, sorrow, or a pleasing melancholy.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.

My mother, when I heard that thou wast dead.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is giving peculiar utterance to some word or phrase, to develop more fully the sentiment of the author.

When both parts of an antithesis are expressed, the pupil will easily place the emphasis aright; but when one part is implied, great care must be taken to place the emphasis on the principal word, or the true idea will not be developed.

The functions of the voice only are now under consideration; therefore it is no part of our present plan to show how to *find* the idea, but how to express it when known.

To illustrate the importance of ascertaining from the context the antithesis implied, in order to give the true meaning, the following old examples will suffice.

O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me.

Place the emphasis on "*prophets*," and the antithesis would be *other writers*. This would imply that though others might be believed, the prophets could not.

Place the emphasis on "*all*," and the antithesis would be *some*; implying that they might believe *some* things that the prophets said, but it would be foolish to believe *all*.

Place the emphasis on "*believe*," and the meaning would be that they were fools for *believing*.

Place the emphasis on "*slow*," or rather on the phrase, "*slow of heart*," and the true meaning comes out — that they are *slow* or *backward* in *believing*, &c. ; hence their folly.

Observe the difference between the rising and falling slide on the emphatic word in the following sentence :—

Charles would not harm a fly'!

Meaning that Charles would not hurt so small an insect, nor one so harmless, as a fly, at least, though he might be capable of injuring other animals not so gentle and innocent. The antithesis then is, *noxious animals*.

Charles would not harm a fly'!

Charles is here said to have great humanity and benevolence, because he would surely hurt no other animal, since he would not hurt so insignificant a creature as a fly — not even a fly. The antithesis is any animal superior to a fly.

A boy could do it.

Antithesis, *man*. That is, not only a *man*, but even a *boy* could do it.

How beautiful is nature in her wildest scenes!

Antithesis, *placid*. Not only in her calm, mild, gentle scenes, but even in her wildest scenes.

Our safety — our lives depend on your fidelity.

Meaning not our *safety* alone, but our very *lives*.

I would not lose it for a load of dollars.

Antithesis, *one dollar*. That is, not for one dollar merely, but a load of dollars.

CLAUSAL EMPHASIS.

Clausal emphasis is giving peculiarity of utterance to the leading clause or clauses of a compound sentence, to make prominent the principal idea over the subordinate ones contained in the dependent clauses.

The leading clause should be uttered on a higher pitch, at a slower rate, with greater force, and stronger verbal emphasis than the subordinate clauses and phrases. This is very important in giving significance to reading. Take the following example : —

To believe, for example, that there once were witches who made a cockle shell serve the purpose of a ship, and substituted a broomstick for a balloon, or that there still are fairies who hold their gambols at midnight among the romantic glens of Scotland, is quite a harmless superstition.

Here follows the leading clause by itself, that the pupil may observe it alone, without the subordinate clauses and phrases that modify it.

To believe that there once were witches, or that there still are fairies, is quite a harmless superstition.

Here again is the clause restored to its original place in the sentence, and printed in Italics.

To believe, for example, that there once were witches, who made a cockle shell serve the purpose of a ship, and substituted a broomstick for a balloon, or that there still are fairies who hold their gambols at midnight among the romantic glens of Scotland, is quite a harmless superstition.

Let the pupil, according to the above directions, utter the words "*to believe*" with a higher pitch, slowly and forcibly ; then the words "*for example*" on a lower pitch, at a more rapid rate, and with less force ; then the words that are the object of the verb "*to believe*," viz. : "*that there once were witches*," with the same force, rate, and pitch as he used on "*to believe* ;" then increase the rate, diminish the force, lower the pitch on "*who made — balloon* ;" then restore the voice to its former pitch, rate, and force on "*or that there still are fairies* ;" then lessen the force, lower the pitch, and increase the rate on "*who hold*

— *Scotland* ;” then utter the rest of the sentence with the same force, pitch, and rate used on the preceding part of the leading clause. Due regard must be paid to verbal emphasis in the individual clauses, whether dependent or independent.

PARENTHESIS.

A parenthesis should be pronounced on a lower pitch, more rapidly, and with less force than the rest of the sentence.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
(’Twas even to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids “the pure in heart” behold their God.

“Poor Maria,” said the postilion, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was on a line between us,) “is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers on her pipe, with her little goat beside her.”

PAUSE.

One great cause of blundering over words, missing and miscalling them, getting out of breath, and thereby confused and embarrassed, to the utter ruin of sense, is ignorance of suitable pauses or resting-places in a sentence.

Point out the places for pauses, and any reader will go through a sentence so that the hearer will lose no word of it.

The best general direction I can give, is always to pause when it can be done without injury to the thought of the author, grouping together such words as it will not do to separate, and separating all that you can. For instance:—

“Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered labor as their only friend, and hasted to his command.”

Make pauses for breath indicated by the dashes, and it will be read with ease:—

“Encouraged — by this magnificent invitation — the inhabitants of the globe — considered labor — as their only friend — and hasted — to his command.”

If the pupil will place these pauses differently, as after *this*, or *magnificent*, instead of after *encouraged*, and so on through the sentence, he will see that it is at least awkward, if not unintelligible.

If no pauses be made except at the marks of punctuation, the young pupil, in his haste to arrive at the resting-place to get breath, will be very likely to trip over words, to miscall them, to utter them indistinctly, or, having his breath fail entirely in the midst of a word, to catch his breath, leaving the word incomplete, and thus to be compelled to begin again upon the word.

Whenever a pupil has that slipshod, stumbling way of reading, making two or three attempts before he can utter a word, the best cure will be to mark off sentences for him into as many resting-places as possible, grouping only the words that are inseparable.

READING LESSONS.

TO MY YOUNG READERS.

1. HAVING laid aside, my friends, the old familiar pages of the Gradual Reader, let us together, hand in hand, take another step onward and upward. Let me present you new subjects to interest and instruct you.

2. I bring you flowers, culled from forest and glade, in the wide domain of intellect, to blend their bright hues, and mingle their sweet perfume, with the simple buds and blossoms of my own garden.

3. I bring you the rich and varied fruits of many a mental climate, gathered from tropic plains, or ripened on the sunny hill sides of a colder zone.

4. I bring you scenes from mountain top and vale, Nature's own offerings to her children. For it is the especial privilege of the young, to revel in her charms, and to love her with all the heart in sunshine and in storm.

5. God has made the world an Eden for their enjoyment, and he has clothed the universe with beauty for their happiness.

6. He has covered the earth with trees for shade and for shelter to his creatures. He has carpeted it with flowers to rejoice the eye, and has breathed perfume on the plants to gladden the path of childhood.

7. All created things speak of the goodness of God, and hymn forth their Maker's praise.

8. The birds send forth glad voices, and the fragrant air comes laden with their songs.

9. The rivulet sings as it leaps to the swelling stream, and old ocean with its roar welcomes the great rivers to their home.

10. Day breaks in glory on the earth — the morning call to prayer and praise. Night brings forth the stars, burning messengers from the eternal throne, to summon the thoughts and affections up to the great God who created and careth for all.

11. Children, heed this summons. Join your voices with the many-voiced wind that bears the whisperings of all created things.

12. Keep your minds fresh as the opening bud, your hearts pure as the gushing fountain, your thoughts calm as the unrippled lake, your affections gentle as the gliding stream.

13. "Look through nature up to nature's God." Then will the offerings of your hearts, made in the love of all created things, be accepted on the altars of a temple not made with hands.

14. Since the great purpose of life is to advance in wisdom and holiness, that you may secure this progress, cultivate with diligence the talents that are yours.

"Lose no moment but in purchase of its worth."

15. "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, and love your neighbor as yourself."

These "primal duties shine aloft like stars."

16. Do right, because it is right, and you will truly find that "Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

17. "One of the early fathers of New England,

when his son feared, on account of the Indians and wild beasts, to go through a certain piece of woods, on some important errand, gave him this advice:—

18. "Never fear to do your duty. No matter where it calls you, no matter how great the danger, never be afraid to do your duty. But if you are tempted to do a mean thing, or a wrong thing, be the greatest coward in the world."

19. "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

MORAL AND SELECT SENTENCES

1. THE days that are past are gone forever; those which are to come may not come to us; the present time only is ours; let us, therefore, use our best exertions to improve it.

2. Fix on that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

3. It is the weakness of a little mind, to be charmed and dazzled by the appearance of every thing that sparkles.

4. Gold cannot purchase life, nor can diamonds bring back the moments we have lost; it becomes us, therefore, to employ those that remain in acts of virtue. He who neglects the present moment, throws away all that he possesses.

5. When our bed is straw, we sleep in safety; but when we lie down on roses, we must beware of the thorns.

6. By taking revenge for an injury, a man is only even with his enemy; by passing it over, he is above him.

7. A small injury done to another is a great injury done to yourself.

8. A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth appear like falsehood.

9. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is burdensome, and compels us to invent other lies, to make it pass for truth.

10. We should never be ashamed to own that we have done wrong; for it is but saying, in other words, that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

11. It often happens, that they are the best persons whose characters have been most injured by slanderers; as we commonly find that the fruit which the birds have been pecking at is the sweetest.

12. Diligence, industry, and submission to advice are material duties of the young.

13. Almost every difficulty may be overcome by industry and perseverance.

14. Industry is the parent of every excellence, but idleness is the root of all evil.

15. Nothing is more engaging than a pleasing address and graceful conversation.

16. Complaisance may be styled civility united with a desire of pleasing; it renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

17. Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding; that civility is best which is free from all superfluous formality.

18. He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation.

19. Some men would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

20. It happens to men of learning, as to ears of wheat — they shoot up and raise their heads high while they are empty, but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to droop.

21. The richest endowments are temperance, prudence, and fortitude.

22. The greater the difficulty, the more glory there is in surmounting it; skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

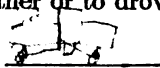
23. To bear provocation is evidence of great wisdom, and to forgive it is proof of a great mind.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

1. THE bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is, not to act or think beyond mankind.
2. O, the dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go: when past, they haunt
us still.
3. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.
4. Two principles in human nature reign —
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all.

5. In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene —
Clouds that may dim his sublunary day,
But cannot darken : e'en the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.
6. O Hope, sweet flatterer, thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
The captive bending with the weight of bonds,
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain.
7. That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know ;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace.
8. His resting-place is noted by a stone
Of marble white. The scene of his repose
Befits his life — 't was beautiful and calm.
In meekness and in love he went his way,
Uprightly walking, filling up the day
With useful deeds. He often poured the balm
Of healing into wounded breasts, nor sought
The praise of men in doing good.
9. Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
10. Of all the causes that conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride.
11. A soul immortal spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,

Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.



DUTIES TO SUPERIORS IN AGE, KNOWLEDGE, OR GOODNESS,

1. In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh ride. The sleigh was a very large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses,

2. On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the school room, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its various incidents.

3. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed, "O, sir, there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road.

4. "It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good hurrah.

5. "They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of a horse a good

crack, which made him run faster than ever he did before, I'll warrant.

6. "And so, with another volley of snowballs, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?'

7. "'Why don't you turn out then?'" says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature. And so we left him."

8. "Well, boys," replied the instructor, whose celebrity and success have never been surpassed, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh ride too.

9. "Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

10. "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth — of his manhood — and of his riper years.

11. "Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

12. "In his trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old

man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses.

13. "'Turn out, turn out, old fellow;,' 'Give us the road, old boy;,' 'What will you take for your pony?,' 'Go it, frozen-nose;,' 'What's the price of oats?,' were the various cries that met his ear.

14. "'Pray do not frighten my horse,' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out then, turn out,' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the grand sleigh, with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys who were in it.

15. "The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

16. "A short distance brought him to his journey's end, and the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for.

17. "That son, boys, is your instructor; and that *old fellow*, and *old boy* — who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach — that *old frozen-nose*, was your master's father!"

18. Some of the boys buried their heads beneath their desks; some cried; and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to, inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

19. Aged persons should be treated with the greatest deference and respect, simply because they are old. A parent should be treated with peculiar

regard simply because he is a parent. Others are entitled to superior respect merely from the station they occupy.

20. A clergyman is entitled to particular regard on account of his office. The young should conduct themselves towards him with becoming modesty and deference. Parents should speak of him with respect, if they would have him do their children good, by his superior knowledge of truth and duty.

21. A teacher must be treated with respect by parents, or he will be of little or no use to his pupils. His employment must be regarded as one of the most important and honorable professions.

22. Parents should require their children to obey their teacher, and to show him the same respect as they themselves demand. When this cannot be done, it is better to remove them from the care of the teacher. Parents should consult, too, with the teacher of their children, and join with him in enforcing what is right.

23. To our superiors in knowledge, we should, in all modesty, ever yield due deference. To superior goodness, all should bow with the deepest veneration. To be good is better than to be great.

24. All reverence the goodness of Washington more than the mighty power of Napoleon. True goodness is often found in the most humble situations. But wherever found, it should draw forth the purest homage of our hearts.

25. It is a mistake, to suppose that we abase ourselves by showing due deference to our superiors. Nothing is more noble, or more truly graceful, than the nice observance of all those little rules that should regulate our intercourse with them.

FORGIVENESS.

1. WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token, in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.
 2. How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit not to earth is given —
One had it, but he came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made,
But, when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died.
-

MORAL AND SELECT SENTENCES.

1. THE character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set much value on his praise.
2. The only benefit to be derived from flattery is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be.
3. The lips of talkers will be telling of such things as do not at all concern them, but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

4. Gratitude is a delightful emotion. The grateful heart, in the performance of its duty, endears itself to all.

5. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

6. Never insult the unfortunate, especially when they implore relief and assistance. If you cannot grant their requests, refuse them mildly and tenderly.

7. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a person whom you have obliged; neither is any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one who owns you for his benefactor.

8. The difference between honor and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

9. Honor is but a fictitious kind of honesty; it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

10. What affects the mind with the most lively and transporting pleasure, is the feeling that we are acting, in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, in a manner that will crown our virtuous endeavors with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this, the highest state is insipid, and with it, the lowest is a paradise.

11. Next to their duty to God, there is no virtue, adapted to the capacity and practice of the young, more lovely than duty to their parents. It is at once their ornament, their interest, their honor, and their pride. It will be esteemed by good men, as the brightest jewel in their conduct.

12. The retirement of the closet is hallowed ground. There the inspiration of religion is more

deeply felt, and devotion elevates the soul. There falls the tear of contrition; there the sigh of the heart rises towards heaven; there the soul, melting with tenderness, pours itself forth before its Creator.

13. It is of the highest importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it.

14. Philosophy makes us wiser, Christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the object of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

15. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

16. Science may raise to eminence, but virtue alone can guide to felicity.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

1. 'Tis with our judgments as our watches: none
Go just alike, but each believes his own.
2. Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
3. Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands

Can be transferred : it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

4. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ;
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ;
Or wallow naked in December's snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
5. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow ; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence ; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence the bosom may partake
Fresh pleasure unproved.
6. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
7. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?
8. All that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought,
Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind ;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
9. It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength joined with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form, indeed, the associate of a mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind —

That form, the labor of Almighty skill,
Framed for the service of a free-born will —
Asserts precedence and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.

10. . . . O, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
-

I DID NOT THINK OF THAT. Y

1. ONE day, as Mr. Lawson, a merchant tailor, stood at his cutting board, a poorly-dressed young woman entered his shop, and, approaching him, asked, with some embarrassment and timidity, if he had any work to give out.

2. "What can you do?" asked the tailor, looking rather coldly upon his visitor.

"I can make pantaloons and vests," replied the girl.

3. "Have you ever worked for the merchant tailors?"

"Yes, sir, I have worked for Mr. Wright."

"Has he nothing for you to do?"

4. "No, not just now. He has regular hands, who always get the preference."

"Did your work suit him?"

"He never found fault with it."

"Where do you live?"

5. "In Cherry Street," replied the young woman.
"At No. —"

Mr. Lawson stood and mused for a short time.

6. "I have a vest here," he at length said, taking a small bundle from the shelf, "which I want by to-morrow evening at the latest. If you think you

can make it very neatly, and have it done in time, you can take it."

7. "It shall be done in time," said the young woman, reaching out eagerly for the bundle.

"And remember, I shall expect it made well. If I like your work, I will give you more."

8. "I will try to please you," returned the girl in a low voice.

"To-morrow evening, recollect."

"Yes, sir, I will have it done."

9. The girl turned and went quickly away. In a back room, in the third story of an old house in Cherry Street, was the home of the poor sewing girl. As she entered, she said in a cheerful voice to her sick sister, "Mary, I have got work; it is a vest, and I must have it done by to-morrow evening."

10. "Can you finish it in time?" inquired the invalid, in a feeble voice.

"O, yes, easily."

11. It proved to be a white Marseilles. As soon as the invalid sister saw this, she said, "I am afraid you will not be able to get it done in time, Ellen. You are not very fast with the needle, and besides, you are far from being well."

12. "Don't fear in the least, Mary; I will do all I engaged to do."

13. It was after dark the next night when Ellen had finished the garment. She was weary and faint, having taken no food since the morning. The want of every thing, and particularly food for herself and sister, made seventy-five cents, the sum which she expected to receive for making the garment, a treasure in her imagination.

14. She hurried off with the vest, the moment it was finished, saying to her sister, "I will be back as soon as possible, and bring you some cordial, and something for our supper and breakfast."

15. "Here it is past eight o'clock, and the vest is

not yet in," said Mr. Lawson, in a fretful tone. "I had my doubts about the girl when I gave it to her. But she looked so poor, and seemed so earnest about work, that I was weak enough to intrust her with the garment."

16. At this moment, Ellen came in, and laid the vest on the counter where Mr. Lawson was standing. She said nothing. Neither did he. Taking the vest, he unfolded it in a manner that plainly showed him not to be in a very placid frame of mind.

17. "Goodness!" he ejaculated, turning over the garment, and looking at the girl. She shrunk back from the counter, and looked frightened.

"Well, this is a pretty job for one to bring in!" said the tailor, in an excited tone of voice — "a pretty job, indeed;" at the same time tossing the vest away from him in angry contempt, and walking off to another part of the store.

Ellen remained at the counter.

18. At length he said to her, "You need not stand there, miss, thinking I am going to pay you for ruining the job. It is bad enough to lose my material, and a customer into the bargain. In justice, you should pay me for the vest; but there is no hope for that. So take yourself off, and never let me set eyes on you again."

19. Ellen made no reply. She turned round, raised her hand to her forehead, and bursting into tears, walked slowly away.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. AFTER Ellen had gone, Mr. Lawson returned to the front part of the store, and taking up the vest, brought it back to where an elderly man was sitting, and holding it towards him, said, by way of apology for the part he had taken in the little scene, "That is a beautiful article for a gentleman to wear, isn't it?"

2. The man made no reply, and the tailor, after a pause, added, "I refused to pay her, as a matter of principle. She knew she couldn't make the garment when she took it away. She will be more careful how she tries again to impose herself upon customer tailors, as a good vest maker."

3. "Perhaps," said the elderly gentleman, in a mild way, "necessity drove her to undertake a job that required greater skill than she possessed. She certainly looked very poor."

4. "It was because she appeared so poor and miserable, that I was weak enough to place the vest in her hands," replied Mr. Lawson, in a less severe tone of voice. "But it was an imposition in her, to ask for work she did not know how to make."

5. "Mr. Lawson," said the old gentleman, who was known as a pious and good man, "we should not blame with too much severity the person who, in extreme want, undertakes to perform a piece of work for which he does not possess the requisite skill."

6. "The fact that a young girl, like the one who was just here, is willing, in her extreme poverty, to labor, instead of sinking into vice and idleness, shows her to possess both virtue and integrity of character; and that we should be willing to encourage, even at some sacrifice."

7. "Work is slack now, as you are aware, and

there is but little doubt that she had been to many places seeking employment before she came to you. It may be that she and others, depending on the meagre returns of her labor, were reduced to the utmost extremity.

8. "It may be, that even their next meal was dependent upon the receipt of the money, that was expected to be paid for making the vest you hold in your hand. The expression of her face as she turned away, her lingering step, her drooping form, and her whole demeanor, had in them a language which told me of all this, and even more."

9. A change came over the tailor's countenance. "I didn't think of that," fell in a low tone from his lips.

10. "I did not suppose you did, brother Lawson," said his monitor. "We are all more apt to think of ourselves than of others. The girl promised the vest this evening; and so far as that was concerned, she performed her contract. Is the vest made very badly?"

11. Mr. Lawson took up the garment, and examined it more carefully. "Well, I can't say the work is so very badly done. But it is dreadfully soiled and rumpled; and it is not as neat a job as it should be, nor at all such as I wished it."

12. "All this is very annoying, of course; but, still, we should be willing and ready to make some excuse for the shortcomings of others. The poor girl may have had a sick mother or sister to attend to, which constantly interrupted her; and under such circumstances, you could hardly wonder, if the garment should come some soiled from under her hands.

13. "All this may be the case; and if so, you could not find it in your heart, to speak unkindly to the poor creature, much less to turn her away angrily, and without the money she had toiled for so earnestly."

14. "I didn't think of that," was murmured in a low, suppressed tone of voice.

15. Ellen, on returning home, entered the room, and, without uttering a word, threw herself upon the bed by the side of her sick sister, and, burying her face in a pillow, endeavored to smother the sobs that came up convulsively from her bosom.

16. Mary asked no questions. She understood the meaning of Ellen's agitation. It told her that she had been disappointed in her expectation of receiving the money for her work.

17. Just at that moment, there was a knock at the door; but no voice bade the applicant for admission enter. It was repeated, but it met no response. Then the latch was lifted, the door swung open, and the tailor stepped into the room.

18. The sound of his feet aroused the distressed sisters; and Ellen raised herself up, and looked at Mr. Lawson with a countenance suffused with tears.

19. "I felt that I was wrong in speaking to you in the way that I did," said Mr. Lawson, advancing towards the bed, and holding out to Ellen the money she had earned. Here is the price of the vest. It was better made than I at first thought it was. To-morrow I will send you more work. Try to cheer up."

20. Mr. Lawson, finding his presence was embarrassing, withdrew, leaving the two sisters so deeply affected that they could only look their thankfulness.

21. Shortly after, they received a basket in which was a supply of nourishing food and a sum of money to procure such articles as might be necessary for the sick sister. Though no one's name was sent with it, they were not in any doubt as to the individual who sent it.

22. Mr. Lawson was not an unfeeling man; but, like too many others in the world, HE DID NOT ALWAYS THINK.

BEAUTY.

1. A young lady sought out a fairy's green bowers :
The queen sat enshrined in her kingdom of
flowers.
"A boon," said the maiden ; "I crave it from
thee ;
Give beauty, give beauty, good fairy, to me."
2. The queen, from the bell of a wild flower, drew
Two caskets, each wet with the bright morning
dew ;
The one, a plain box from the leaf of a vine,
The other, as gay as a gem from the mine.
3. "Thy choice," said the fairy ; "and on it depends
The kind of that beauty I give to my friends ;
For know, little maiden," she added with grace,
"There is beauty of heart and beauty of face."
4. A moment of doubt, and her wish was expressed ;
The prize was selected the lady loved best ;
And, little surprised, the fairy queen heard
The gay little casket was the one she preferred.
5. They parted. A few years had rolled swiftly
away,
When the fairy was sought by the lady one day.
The gift she rejected far brighter had grown,
While that she selected was faded and gone.
6. The sad lesson now was revealed to her plain,
That "beauty of face" was but transient and
vain.
So all little misses should act a wise part,
And early make choice of the "BEAUTY OF
HEART."

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

1. THE star, whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn ;
The season changed, with milder ray
Cheers the sweet hour of parting day,
So friendship, of the generous breast
The earliest and the latest guest,
In youth's rich morn with ardor glows,
And brightens life's serener close.
2. None are supinely good — through toil and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain ;
This is the scene of combat, not of rest ;
Man's is laborious happiness at best.
On this side death, his dangers never cease ;
His joys are joys of conquest — not of peace.
3. Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie ;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
4. I see the right, and I approve it too ;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.
5. True happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found in a contented mind.
6. Look round the world — how very few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.
7. What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within ?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare ?
No : those at first the unwary heart may gain ;
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

NECESSITY OF MENTAL CULTURE. T

1. CONTEMPLATE, at this season of the year, one of the magnificent trees of the forest, covered with thousands and thousands of acorns.

2. There is not one of those acorns that does not carry within itself the germ of a perfect oak, as lofty and as wide spreading as the parent stock; which does not infold the rudiments of a tree that would strike its roots in the soil, and lift its branches toward the heavens, and brave the storms of a hundred winters.

3. It needs for this but a handful of soil to receive the acorn as it falls, a little moisture to nourish it, and protection from violence till the root is struck. It needs but these; and these it does need, and these it must have, and for want of them, trifling as they seem, there is not one of those acorns that will become a tree.

4. Look abroad through the cities, the towns, the villages of our beloved country, and think of what materials their population is, for the most part, made up. It is not animated machines, nor brute beasts: it is rational, intellectual beings.

5. There is not a mind, of the hundreds of thousands in our community, that is not capable of making large progress in useful knowledge; and no one can presume to tell or limit the number of those who are gifted with all the talent required for the noblest discoveries.

6. They have naturally all the senses and all the faculties — I do not say in as high a degree, but who shall say in no degree? — possessed by Newton, or Franklin, or Fulton.

7. It is but a little which is wanted to awaken every one of these minds to the conscious possession and the active exercise of its wonderful powers.

But this little, generally speaking, is indispensable.

8. Providence has furnished the eye; but art must contribute the telescope, or the wonders of the heavens remain unnoticed. It is for want of the little, that the greatest part of the intellect, innate in our race, perishes undeveloped and unknown.

9. When an acorn falls upon an unfavorable spot, and decays there, we know the extent of the loss—it is that of a tree, like the one from which it fell;—but when the intellect of a rational being, for want of culture, is lost to the great ends for which it was created, it is a loss which no one can measure, either for time or for eternity.

THE GIRL AND THE ROBIN.

1. So now, pretty robin, you've come to my door;
I wonder you never have ventured before.
You feared, I suppose, we should do you some
harm,
But pray, sir, what cause could there be for alarm?
2. You seem to be timid—I'd like to know why;
I never have hurt you. What makes you so shy?
You shrewd little rogue, I've a mind, ere you go,
To tell you a thing it concerns you to know.
3. You think I have never discovered your nest;
'Tis hid pretty snugly, it must be confessed.
Ha, ha! how the boughs are entwined all
around!
No wonder you thought it would never be found.
4. You're as cunning a robin as ever I knew;
And yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm as cunning as you!

I know all about your nice home on the tree —
'Twas nonsense to try to conceal it from me.

5. I know — for but yesterday I was your guest —
How many young robins there are in your nest;
And pardon me, sir, if I venture to say,
They've had not a morsel of dinner to-day,
6. But you look very sad, pretty robin, I see,
As you glance o'er the meadow, to yonder green
tree;
I fear I have thoughtlessly given you pain,
And I will not prattle so lightly again.
7. Go home, where your mate and your little ones
dwell;
Though I know where they are, yet I never will tell.
Nobody shall injure that leaf-covered nest,
For sacred to me is the place of your rest.
8. Adieu! for you want to be flying away,
And it would be cruel to ask you to stay;
But come in the morning, come early and sing,
For dearly I love you, sweet warbler of spring.

THE WHITE CLOUD. X

1. THUNDER storms are not particularly pleasant things in the woods, but a traveller in the mountains is now and then compelled to take them. I have just passed through one, and, like all grand exhibitions of nature, it awakened pleasure in the midst of discomfort.

2. I was reclining the other day on the slope of a hill, from which I had a glorious view of the broken chain of the Adirondack. From the ravishing

beauty of the scene, my mind, as it is wont, fell to musing over the mysteries of life, when suddenly, over the green summit of a far mountain, a huge thunder head pushed itself into view.

3. As the mighty, black mass that followed slowly after, forced its way into the heavens, darkness began to creep over the earth. The song of birds was hushed. The passing breeze paused a moment, and then swept by in a sudden gust, which whirled the leaves and withered branches in wild confusion into the air. An ominous hush succeeded, while a low growl of the distant thunder, seemed forced from the deepest caverns of the mountains.

4. I lay and watched the gathering elements of strength and fury, as the trumpet of the storm summoned them to battle; till, at length, the lightning began to leap in angry flashes, followed by those awful and rapid reports, that seemed to shake the very walls of the sky.

5. The pine trees rocked and roared above me, and then the rain came in headlong masses to the earth. I got under a shelter and waited for the passing of the storm. When its fury was spent, I could hear its retiring roar in the distant gorges.

6. The trees stopped knocking their green crowns together, and stood again in fraternal embrace, while the heavy dripping of the rain drops from the leaves alone, told of the deluge that had swept overhead.

7. I stepped forth again, and but for the ceaseless drip and the freshened look of every thing about me in the clearer atmosphere, I should hardly have known there had been a change.

8. Scarce an hour had elapsed; yet the blue sky showed itself again over the mountain where the dark cloud had been; the sun came forth in redoubled splendor, and the tumult was over.

9. Now and then, a disappointed peal muttered

over the sky, as if conscious it came too late to share in the general conflict; but all else was calm, and beautiful, and tranquil, as nature ever is after a thunder storm.

10. But while I was looking at that blue arch, against which the tall mountain now greener than ever, seemed to lean, suddenly a single circular white cloud appeared over the top, and slowly rolling into view, floated along the radiant west.

11. Bathed in rich sunset, glittering like a white robe — how beautiful! how resplendent! A moving glory, it looked as if some angel hand had just rolled it away from the golden gate of heaven. I watched it, till my spirit longed to fly away, and sink in its bright foldings.

12. And then I thought, were I in the midst of it, it would be found a heavy bank of fog, damp and chill like the morning mist, which obscures the vision and ruffles the spirit, till it prays for one straggling sunbeam to disperse the gloom. But seen at that distance, shone upon by that setting sun, how glorious!

13. And here, methought, I had a solution of my mystery of life. With its agitations and changes, its revelries and violence, its light and darkness, its ecstasies and agonies, so strangely blent, it is a MIST, a GLOOMY FOG, that chills and wearies us as we walk in its midst.

14. Dimming our prospect, it shuts out the spiritual world beyond us, till we weep, and pray for the rays of heaven to disperse the gloom. But, seen by angels and spiritual beings from afar, *shone upon by God's perfect government and grand designs of love*, it may, and doubtless does, appear as glorious as that evening cloud did to me.

15. The brightness of the throne is cast over us, and its glory changes this turbulent scene into an harmonious part of his vast whole. God's ways

are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.

16. After it has all passed, and the sun of futurity breaks on the scene, light and gladness will bathe it in undying splendor. I turned away with that summer cloud fastened in my memory forever, and thankful for the thunder storm, that had taught my heart so sweet a lesson.

LOOK ALOFT. Y

1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the
gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution
depart,
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of
heart.
2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each
woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are
arrayed,
“Look aloft” to the friendship which never shall
fade.
3. Should the visions which Hope spreads in light
to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the sun that is never to set.
4. Should they who are nearest and dearest thy
heart,
Thy relations and friends, in sorrow depart,

"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5. And O, when Death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past, —
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.

MUST. X

1. "How long shall I hear people say to me, 'You *must* do this,' or 'You *must* go there'?" said Henry. "I do not like the word *must*."

"You should make up your mind to bear it, for you will hear it all your life," said Henry's brother George.

2. "How so, George? When I am a man, who will say *must* to me?"

"Did you not hear father tell the gardener, that he must cover up the cucumbers, and water the asparagus?"

3. "Yes; but the gardener is a servant."

"I am sure I hear the word *must* every day at the office," said George. "'These papers must be written; those bills must be made out.'"

4. "Then I won't be a lawyer," said Henry; "at least, I hope my father will not insist upon it; for I should not like to be a clerk at your office."

"What will you be?" asked his brother, smiling.

5. "If I were to go to sea," said Henry —

"Nay, nay; it is all *must* work there," said George. "There are no masters so strict as ship commanders; and with good reason; for, without

strict obedience, there would be no order or discipline."

6. Henry looked grave. "If I were rich enough to be *nothing at all!*"

"Then you would be a man of fashion, I suppose," said George, laughing; "and your tailor would tell you how you *must dress*."

7. Just then their father came in, and said that he found he must go to London immediately on business.

"I am sorry for it," said their mother.

"So am I, but I must go; and therefore there is no use in objecting to it."

8. "So you find my father even is obedient to this word *must!*" said George to his brother, when their father had left the room.

"Who says 'you must' to father?" said Henry.

"I will tell you," said his mother; "the sense of what is right, or *duty*, which is another name for the knowledge of what we ought to do."

9. This took place one cold day, when there was a cattle fair in the neighborhood.

"Come to this window," said Henry's mother.

"Here is a farmer going to the fair. We might say, it is a disagreeable thing, to go out of his warm house on such a day; but he knows it is right to go, or, as he would say himself, he *must*; so he goes willingly and cheerfully.

10. "Here is a horse going to the fair. The horse cannot possibly understand the reason why he should go; but he is gentle and obedient, and therefore ambles along pleasantly enough.

"But look at this pig! Piggy is obstinate, and keeps up a constant struggle the whole way. *Must* conquers; the pig must go; and from this resistance, he has a most unpleasant journey before him.

11. "Now, which would you rather be, — the horse, which is *led*, or the pig, which requires to be *driven*?"

"The horse, to be sure, mother," said Henry; "but I would rather be the master, and go of my own accord."

12. "Well, then, where you can, be the master,—the master of *yourself*, Henry; and when you know what is right, do it quickly,—do it cheerfully, of your own accord.

"But there are some things which you naturally forget, or do not yet understand, of which you require to be reminded. Allow us, therefore, to *lead* you; do not oblige us to *drive* you along."

13. "It is putting off what we ought to do, which often makes us dislike doing it at last," said Henry's brother.

"Most persons dislike getting up early, in cold weather; but, disagreeable as it is, if we have courage to jump out directly when we ought to do so, there is pleasure in it,—the pleasure of acting right. But the longer we linger in bed, the greater is our reluctance to rise; and when, at length, we do get up, we have the pain of self-reproach.

14. "It is far easier to do what we must, when we feel contented, than when we feel discontented with ourselves."

"I hope, indeed," said his mother, "that Henry will soon find that necessary things are by no means necessarily unpleasant, and that he will always obey the call of duty at once and cheerfully."

MORAL AND SELECT SENTENCES. X

1. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation of study, that eminence can be attained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for it.

2. We should acknowledge God in all our ways, mark the operations of his hand, cheerfully submit to his severest dispensations, strictly observe his laws, and rejoice to fulfil his gracious purposes.

3. A man's first care should be, to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world.

4. Exercise and temperance strengthen the constitution, and sweeten the enjoyments of life.

5. Industry is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God.

6. If our principles are false, no apology from ourselves can make them right; if founded in truth, no censure from others can make them wrong.

7. Business sweetens pleasure, as labor sweetens rest.

8. A man of cultivated imagination can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion even in a statue.

9. The bounties of Providence are so manifest, that a grateful heart is overpowered, when it calls them to remembrance.

10. True charity is not a meteor which occasionally glares, but a luminary which, in its regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

11. Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments, but in performing common duties, removing small inconveniences, procuring petty pleasures.

12. As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not perceive it moving, and it appears that the grass has grown, though nobody ever saw it grow; so the advances we make in learning, as they consist of such minute steps, are only perceivable by the distance.

13. He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day. He that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

14. The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

15. To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters; to restrain every irregular inclination; to subdue every rebellious passion; to purify the motives of our conduct; to cultivate that temperance which no pleasure can seduce, that meekness which no provocation can ruffle, that patience which no affliction can overwhelm, and that integrity which no interest can shake,—this is the task, which, in our sojourn here, we are required to accomplish.

16. The music of a bird in captivity, produces no very pleasing sensations. It is but the mirth of a little animal, insensible of its unfortunate situation; it is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering to its young, that give the bird's song its true relish.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

1. 'T is not in titles, 't is not in rank,
 To purchase peace and rest;
 'T is not in wealth like England's Bank
 To make us truly blest.
 If happiness has not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest.
2. The ivy round some lofty pile
 Its twining tendrils flings;
 Though fled from thence be Pleasure's smile,
 It yet the fonder clings;

As lonelier still becomes the place,
The warmer is its fond embrace.

3. The wildest ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife ;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm.
The ocean lashed to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
To Anger's dark and stormy sea.

4. Each morn should see some task begun,
Each evening see it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Will earn a night's repose.

5. Then come the wild weather, come sleet and
come snow ;
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love, as links to the chain.

6. Beauty may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset ; she may breathe
Grace into every motion ;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus ; and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.

THE CHOICE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. X

1. THERE are few persons who do precisely as
they ought to do. It is very seldom that any one,

even for a single day, discharges every duty that rests upon him, at the same time avoiding every thing that is wrong. There is usually something neglected, delayed, or postponed, that ought to be done to-day.

2. There is usually some thought entertained, some feeling indulged, some deed committed, that is sinful. If any person doubts this, let him make the experiment; let him closely watch every thought and action for a single day, and he will perceive that what we say is true.

3. And yet, if a person can once make up his mind to do right, it is the surest way to obtain happiness. I shall endeavor to illustrate this by an allegory:—

THE GARDEN OF PEACE.

4. In an ancient city of the east, two youths were passing a beautiful garden. It was enclosed by a lofty trellis, which prevented their entering; but, through the openings, they could perceive that it was a most enchanting spot. It was embellished by every object of nature and art, that could give beauty to the landscape.

5. There were groves of lofty trees, with winding avenues between them; there were green lawns, the grass of which seemed like velvet; there were groups of shrubs in bloom, and scattering delicious fragrance upon the atmosphere.

6. Between these pleasing objects, there were fountains sending their silvery showers into the air; and a stream of water, clear as crystal, wound with gentle murmurs through the place. The charms of this lovely scene were greatly heightened by the music of birds, the hum of bees, and the echoes of youthful and happy voices.

7. The two young men gazed upon the scene

with intense interest; but as they could only see a portion of it through the trellis, they looked out for some gate by which they might enter the garden. At a little distance they perceived a gateway, and they went to the spot, supposing they should find an entrance there. There was, indeed, a gate, but it was locked, and they found it impossible to gain admittance.

8. While they were considering what course they should adopt, they perceived an inscription over the gate, which ran as follows:—

“Ne’er till to-morrow’s light delay
What may as well be done to-day;
Ne’er do the thing you’d wish undone,
Viewed by to-morrow’s rising sun.
Observe these rules a single year,
And you may freely enter here.”

9. The two youths were much struck by these lines, and, before they parted, both agreed to make the experiment, by trying to live according to the inscription.

THE SAME.—CONTINUED.

1. I NEED not tell the details of the progress of the youths in their trial. Both found the task much more difficult than they at first imagined.

2. To their surprise, they found that an observance of the rule they had adopted, required an almost total change of their modes of life; and this taught them, what they had not felt before, that a very large part of their lives, a very large share of their thoughts, feelings and actions, were wrong, though they were considered virtuous young men by the society in which they lived.

3. After a few weeks, the younger of the two, finding that the scheme put too many restraints

upon his tastes, abandoned the trial. The other persevered, and, at the end of the year, presented himself at the gateway of the garden.

4. To his great joy, he was instantly admitted; and if the place pleased him when seen dimly through the trellis, it appeared far more lovely, now that he could actually tread its pathways, breathe its balmy air, and mingle intimately with the scenes around.

5. One thing delighted, yet surprised him, which was this: It now seemed *easy* for him to do right; nay, to do right, instead of requiring self-denial and a sacrifice of his tastes and wishes, seemed to him *a matter of course*, and the pleasantest thing he could do.

6. While he was thinking of this, a female came near, and the two fell into conversation. After a little while, the youth told his companion what he was thinking of, and asked her to account for his feelings. "This place," said the other, "is the *Garden of Peace*."

7. "It is the abode of those who have chosen God's will as the rule of their lives. It is a happy home, provided for those who have conquered selfishness; those who have learned to subdue their passions and do their duty."

8. "This lovely garden is but a picture of the heart that is firmly established in the ways of virtue. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace."

9. While they were thus conversing, and as they were passing near the gateway, the youth saw on the other side the friend who had resolved to follow the inscription, but who had given up the trial. Upon this, the companion of the youth said, "Behold the young man who could not conquer himself! How miserable is he in comparison with yourself! What is it makes the difference?"

10. "You are in the *Garden of Peace*; he is excluded from it. This tall gateway is a barrier that he cannot pass; this is the barrier, interposed by human vices and human passions, which separates mankind from that peace of which we are all capable.

11. "Whoever can conquer himself, and has resolved firmly that he will do it, has found the key of that gate, and he may freely enter here. If he cannot do that, he must continue to be an outcast from the *Garden of Peace*."

CHARLEY AND ANNA.

Charley.

1. "O, SUMMER is coming, and now I can run,"
Said Charley, one morn, as he saw the bright
sun.

"I'll run in the fields and hear the birds sing;
I'll sing, too, myself, till the forest shall ring.
I'll hunt up my kite and make it go high,
And see what a speck 'tis, when up in the sky.
My hoe, and my cart, that's painted so red,
I'll take to my garden, and make a fine bed.
I will plant watermelon and green-citron seeds,
For this year, I'm sure, I shall keep out the
weeds.

I'll go to the pond and haul up my boat,
And get William to fix it all ready to float.
We will sail 'cross the pond on the first day of
May,
And gather sweet flowers that grow round the
bay."

Anna.

2. "But stop, little brother, you are going too fast; Such castles of pleasure, perhaps, will not last. When we say that we *will*, we but seldom succeed; And to be *quite* so certain, is hazard indeed; And whether in work we engage, or in play, We should look to our Father to prosper our way. He provides for our wants, and in mercy will lead, And permits or prevents, as he thinks we best need."
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BIRD SHOOTING. ✕

1. "WELL, Harry, here is my new gun. Now I can bring down the hawks, pigeons, and partridges. I have been out this morning, and have had fine sport."

2. "Sport, Jack, do you say? In what way have you had sport? Not in killing birds, I hope?"

3. "Indeed I have. I killed two ducks at one shot; and, besides that, I killed a chipping bird, five tomtits, a snipe, and several lapwings. Now, what do you think of that?"

4. "What do I think of that? Pray, sir, what do you think of that? Or, rather let me say, why do you not think of that? How can you kill those innocent birds, especially at this season of the year, when they are rearing their young?"

5. "Why, you eat birds, do you not? I presume, you would have them killed before you eat them?"

6. "It is true, I have eaten birds, after persons like yourself had killed them; but let me tell you, if birds never got into the hands of the cook till I had shot them, it would be a long time before you would find any on the dinner table."

7. "But you eat chickens, do you not? What say you to that? You kill the chickens, I suppose?"

8. "That is quite another affair. You kill birds for the mere sport of the thing. This is wicked sport. Had I wilfully killed one of those little chipping birds, or a lapwing, as you did this morning, I should feel as if I deserved to have the mark of Cain placed on me."

9. "Why, these birds live but a short time. They must soon die by a painful and lingering death, in the natural course of things. Now, then, if I can derive sport or receive pleasure by killing them outright, at once, so much the better."

10. "Just so. Now this is exactly the way I should reason if I were going to shoot you. Now, then, just step out yonder by the hedge, and let me crack away at you with my revolver. If I kill you 'outright at once, so much the better;' since you 'must soon die by a painful and lingering death, in the natural course of things.' Perhaps I may knock out one of your eyes, tear away a part of your under jaw, or shatter your knee, or ——"

11. "O, horrible! horrible! don't speak of such things."

12. "Why, this is just the way you mash and mangle the birds. You shatter their limbs and joints; you blow away their legs and beaks, and leave them to die a lingering, agonizing death. Even the thought of this is enough to make the heart of humanity bleed."

13. "Enough, enough—say no more. I will consider this matter. But, Harry, did you never amuse yourself in catching birds?"

14. "An act that caused me more pain than any other when I was a boy, was the killing of a bird. It was a pretty little chipping bird. The event happened in this wise. The bird had built its nest on a thorn bush that stood near the garden, in front of my father's house. I used to go and look at the nest every day, and was delighted, one morning, to find in it a beautiful little speckled egg. In a few days, the nest contained five eggs.

15. "One morning, just before school time, I went out to take a look at the bird's nest. The bird flew up chipping from the nest, as I approached, and alighted in an apple tree near by, the leaves of which hid her from my view. I took up a stone and threw it violently into the tree, without the least design of doing any harm.

16. "But, to my astonishment, the poor little bird dropped through the thick branches, and fell to the ground. I ran trembling to it, and taking it up, held it in my hands. It struggled a little, raised its head feebly, then dropped it, gasped, and breathed no more.

17. "I would have given the world to have restored that little bird to life; but I could not do it. I took it and placed it on the nest, where it had rested in such apparent safety only a few minutes before. I could not go to school, I felt so badly.

18. "It would have melted any but a heart of stone, to see the mate of the little bird come and sit on the bush, and mourn the death of its companion that lay motionless upon its nest. I always think of this bird, when I go into the country and see a little bird flying and hopping from branch to branch, though many a summer has come and gone since then."

19. "Now, Harry, that little incident is really touching; and I wish that every one who kills a bird could hear you relate it."

20. "Allow me to read to you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review:—

21. "It may perhaps be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder, would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer. So it would; but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer.

22. "Never shall I forget an incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments and rules of action, which have since been dear to me.

23. "Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapp-wing* is peculiarly soft and impressive. It is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew.

24. "I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast, and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers.

25. "As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered around my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one, to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had the power to touch my heart whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet, would have been of no avail."

26. "Well, now, Harry, that's touching. A lapwing! Hang me, if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing."

"But other birds, Jack, have feelings as well as lapwings."

THE ENVIOUS LOBSTER.

1. A LOBSTER from the water came,
And saw another just the same
In form and size, but gayly clad
In scarlet clothing; while she had
No other raiment to her back
Than her old suit of greenish black.
2. "So ho!" she cried, "'tis very fine;
Your dress was yesterday like mine;
And in the mud below the sea,
You lived, a crawling thing, like me.
But now, because you've come ashore,
You've grown so proud, that what you wore—
Your strong old suit of bottle-green—
You think improper to be seen.
3. "To tell the truth, I don't see why
You should be better dressed than I;
And I should like a suit of red
As bright as yours, from foot to head.
I think I'm quite as good as you,
And might be clothed in scarlet, too."
4. "Will you be boiled," her owner said,
"To be arrayed in glowing red?
Come here, my discontented miss,
And hear the scalding kettle hiss;
Will you go in there and be boiled,
To have your dress, so old and soiled,

Exchanged for one of scarlet hue?"
"Yes," cried the lobster, "that I'll do,
And twice as much, if needs must be,
To be as gayly dressed as she."
Then, in she made a fatal dive,
And never more was seen alive!

5. Now, if you ever chance to know
Of one as fond of dress and show
As that vain lobster, and withal
As envious, you'll perhaps recall
To mind her folly, and the plight
In which she reappeared to light.
She had obtained a bright array,
But for it, thrown herself away!
Her life and death were best untold,
But for the moral they unfold!
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JONATHAN'S VOYAGE TO AMSTERDAM.

1. To those who are thoughtful, there are every-day opportunities to prove the instability, not only of riches, but of all earthly things. This is not, perhaps, a very pleasant conclusion to arrive at, but it is nevertheless a very useful one. For it leads us to seek after, and lean upon, another and higher support—one that is unfailing, and one that may always be ours. That support is God.

2. Think not too much on earthly things then, children. Sigh not after riches and pleasures, and the unstable things of this world, but while you are yet young, learn to seek after Him who is ever-enduring—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" Heed this admonition, and you will be good and happy. So ends my sermon.

3. Now for my story — a story of one who stumbled upon the truth that earthly things are unstable, and arrived at the right goal through a very crooked and erroneous path.

4. "Mother," said Jonathan, "I am tired of digging and scratching among the stumps and rocks, for a living on this old farm. If I don't find some easier way of getting a living, I'm no Yankee, that is all."

5. "Why, Jonathan," exclaimed his mother, pushing up her spectacles, and looking at her son with the most alarmed air, "how can you talk in such a way about this nice farm, where your blessed father, man and boy, got his living for fifty years? It was good enough for him, and I am sure it is good enough for his son."

6. "That is just one of your old-fashioned notions, mother," said Jonathan, good naturedly; "don't every generation grow wiser, and ought it not to show its wisdom by turning its back on old, stupid, foolish customs?"

7. "Why, Jonathan! — do you call your father's notions stupid and foolish?" said the old lady, dropping her knitting work in her lap. "O dear! don't talk disrespectfully of our old farm."

8. "I won't, mother! I'll reverence every stump and stone in the whole clearing; but then I don't think I shall grow rich on it. I want to be rich. I am determined to get rich."

9. "Don't sigh after riches, Jonathan; no good ever comes of that," said his mother: "we were rich enough for your father, and I am sure his son might be contented."

10. "Well, mother, I will, when I have tried my luck a while somewhere else. I am going to seek my fortune in the old country."

11. "In the old country!" screamed the old lady, in utter dismay. "You can't mean it, Jonathan!"

12. "But I do mean it, mother," said Jonathan. "I never shall get ahead on this farm; sō I am going to Amsterdam, in the new vessel that is to sail from Portland next month. I am going to seek my fortune among the mynheers."

13. "To Amsterdam, and then among the men-sheers! the mensheerers! Why, Jonathan, who are they?" exclaimed the good old lady.

14. "Why, mother, they are the Dutch. The Dutch are called mynheers. I am going among them, and who knows but I may come home rich? There is nothing like trying. So, then, I am going ahead, and I am sure I shall get rich."

15. "Riches, riches, riches — nothing but riches," said the old lady. "O, well, well! there is no use in my saying any thing," said she, in a subdued tone.

16. She was right. There was no use "in her saying any thing." Jonathan was a Yankee, and fond of experimenting: nothing daunted by distance or his entire ignorance of the Dutch language, he had made up his mind to seek his fortune among the mynheers of Holland, and no opposition would change his purpose.

17. His mother and sisters were now busy in making preparations for his departure. To his scanty wardrobe were added two new pairs of linsey-woolsey pantaloons, a half a dozen of homespun linen shirts, a half a dozen of checked linen pocket handkerchiefs, and his deceased father's Sunday coat, altered, and new trimmed with pewter buttons, scoured up so as to look as bright as new. These completed his outfits.

18. Sad and proud were the mother and sisters when they saw Jonathan, "all dressed up," and ready for his departure. He felt a choking kind of sensation in his throat when he came to say, "Good by." But he bore up bravely, and promised that

unless he could haul money into his pockets, "hand over fist," he would return in the "Peggy,"—the name of the vessel,—"and go to sea no more." With this promise they were fain to be content, and so they parted.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. THE voyage was quick and prosperous, and Jonathan landed at Amsterdam, feeling something as the man in the moon might be supposed to feel, on his first visit to our planet. All sorts of languages were heard around the docks and quays of that great city, not one word of which he understood.

2. Nobody seemed to see him, and every body jostled against him as he strolled gaping along, filled with wonder at every thing he saw. Of one thing, however, he was very certain; and that was, that about all the business in the world, had suddenly turned its tide into Amsterdam.

3. Such a loading and unloading of ships, such shouting and bawling of sailors in every possible dialect under the sun, and such running and rolling hither and thither, he had never before witnessed.

4. By and by, he strolled up into the city, to see how people looked and lived there. He saw thick, squab-looking women and men, smoking, waddling, and walking this way and that way; but he knew nobody, and nobody knew him.

5. This did not please Jonathan, for he was a Yankee, and, like all Yankees, liked to ask questions. At length, turning into a handsome street, he saw a magnificent mansion, with windows larger than the front door of his father's house. These

were filled with the most exquisite flowers, and festooned with splendid red and yellow curtains; and every thing about the dwelling indicated great wealth.

6. Here Jonathan stood, and looked, and admired, and longed to know to whom it belonged, and wondered how the owner got so much money as to live in such splendor. At length, seeing a servant passing out of the house, he ventured to make the inquiry. "I say, neighbor," said he, "who owns this ere grand house? I take it, he has a pretty considerable long purse."

7. "KANNITVERSTAN,"* replied the servant, gruffly; and on he went, not stopping to hear another word.

8. "*Kannitverstan*" is a Dutch word, or rather three Dutch words run together, signifying, "*cannot understand*," and is the phrase generally used by the low Dutch when they do not comprehend what is said to them. This was, of course, the case here; for Jonathan addressed the man in English—a language which the man as little understood as he himself did Dutch. But our good Jonathan supposed it to be the owner's name, and bowed very civilly after him.

9. "Much obliged for your information, mynheer," said he. "And so," he continued to himself, "this is Mr. Kannitverstan's house! Very rich man, very great man, Mr. Kannitverstan must be. I wonder how he got so much money. Great country this, to make a fortune—glad I came here!" And on he passed.

10. After he had passed through several streets, and turned a vast number of corners, he came to another part of the harbor. Here he saw an immense number of a larger class of ships than he had

* Pronounced *kân-neet-fer-stân*'.

ever seen before, lying so thick that their masts formed a forest that almost reminded him of old MAINE.

11. An immense East Indiaman at length attracted his attention, from which they were rolling out vast quantities of merchandise. The quay was covered with chests, and boxes, and bales; and the longer he looked, the more he wondered at the invaluable cargo—coffee, and tea, and spices, and silks, and every other product of the East! There seemed to be no end to them.

12. "Tell me," he said, at length, to a man who passed him with a chest on his shoulders, "who owns this vessel and all these goods?"

"KANNITVERSTAN," replied the man, and passed on.

13. "Ah, ha!" thought he, "Kannitverstan, hey? No wonder he lives in such a great house, and in such grand style. No wonder he has such flowers in his windows, and such curtains to shade them, when he can send all the way to China for them! Great country this! Fine place to make a fortune!"

14. Full of these reflections, he turned back towards the heart of the city. At last, he began to ask himself how he was to manage to become possessed of some portion of this wealth, and to fear that he had not the means to accomplish his purpose.

15. "The fact is," said he, "I am a poor Jonathan that never was made to be rich, I suppose. Well, is it best to content myself without it or not? I don't know—and I don't see why I should not have what I want as well as others. This Mr. Kannitverstan, for instance—now, if I only had his property, how happy I should be! Ah, he is much to be envied!"

16. As he said this, turning a corner, he met an immense funeral procession. The hearse was drawn

by six white horses, all decorated with black plumes. Men, two by two, all wearing black crape, followed in long procession, with their heads bent down, and their faces looking very solemn.

17. A single bell was tolling in the distance. With the reverent custom of his native village, Jonathan stopped and uncovered his head until the procession passed; then, replacing his hat, he fell into the last of the train, and followed on by the side of one of the mourners.

18. "Excuse me, sir, if you please," said Jonathan, laying his hand upon the stranger's shoulder; "this man for whom the bell is tolling, and who is just going to be buried, is a particular friend of yours, I guess."

"KANNITVERSTAN," replied the stranger, scarcely turning his countenance towards Jonathan.

19. "Kannitverstan!" exclaimed Jonathan to himself. "Ah! poor man, you are gone, at last, then! What are all your riches, your fine house, and your ships to you now!" With these thoughts, he followed on until the procession reached the grave. There he beheld the rich and distinguished Mr. Kannitverstan let down into his last resting-place, and stood and reverently listened to the funeral service pronounced over him.

20. He left the grave. But a revolution had taken place in the mind of Jonathan. Better views of life, and a more just appreciation of its true ends and aims, awoke in his mind; and he felt that to be useful in the sphere in which God had placed him, to live an honest, honorable, independent, and industrious life, making those happy around him who were allied to him by blood or by affection, was enough for him.

21. He, therefore, determined to go home. But while the "Peggy" was waiting to take in her cargo, he did not neglect the opportunity now

afforded him for examining an old and strange city, and carefully observing men and manners. He visited every part of Amsterdam, noting its people, and their acts and motives. This, to an inquiring mind like Jonathan's, was, of all things, the most useful, and he grew wiser every day.

22. The "Peggy" was at length ready, and Jonathan stepped on board of her with a light heart. The homeward voyage was as prosperous as the outward one had been; and when our Yankee voyager returned, his mother and sisters were as delighted to see him as if he had brought home all the wealth of Amsterdam.

23. He spent his life on the very spot where his father had lived before him. His neighbors were very fond of listening to his wonderful accounts of all he had seen in the "old country;" and when any one of them manifested any discontent with his humble lot, Jonathan was sure to remind him of poor Mr. Kannitverstan, of Amsterdam, his splendid mansion, his great East India ship, his magnificent window curtains, and—his grave.

THE DOVE AND THE TOAD.

1. THE pond was clear, the pond was still;
A dove dipped in her pretty bill;
Then curling up her feet so red,
And with her whirring wings outspread,
Straight towards the tree top sped;
A tree toad, seated on the bough,
Enjoys the cooling shadows now.
2. "Sir Toad, go to the pond," said she,
"If you a pretty thing would see.

I stooped to drink the water cool,
And O, I saw within the pool
The fairest dove that ever flew ;
Go down, and you will see it too.
The swan herself is not more white,
Nor is her neck so graceful quite.

3. " He bended from the soft blue sky
Which in the pretty pond doth lie,
And looked at me with bright red eye ;
And then, when I dipped in my bill,
He stooped down nearer, nearer still,
And then his bill, it met my own —
The dear, the sweet, the pretty one.
As oft he bended from the blue,
I touched his bill — he touched mine too.
Go down ; perhaps he'll bill with you."
4. Down to the ground the tree toad dropped,
And to the pretty pond he hopped ;
And when again he climbed the tree,
The dove said, " Tell me, did you see
As fair a thing as well might be ?"
5. " O, yes," he croaked, in grating tone,
" I saw a handsome thing, I own ;
But you did not describe it well :
Listen to me, and I will tell
Just how it looked, for I have been
There oftentimes, and oft have seen
That handsome creature there before,
All beautifully speckled o'er ;
With such a brilliant, knowing eye,
Brighter than star in midnight sky.
Indeed, he was not white at all,
But browner than the leaves in fall ;
And what was more than all beside,
His graceful form and mouth so wide !"

MORAL AND SELECT SENTENCES. †

1. THOUGH religion removes not all the evils of life, though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity, yet, if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may justly be said to give rest to them who labor and are heavy laden.

2. No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from being attacked by rashness, malice, or envy.

3. The fine arts promote benevolence by uniting different classes in the same elegant pleasures; they enforce submission to government by cherishing love of order; and by inspiring delicacy of feeling, they make regular government a double blessing.

4. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakespeare, as they would be; and Milton, as they ought to be.

5. From the right exercise of our intellectual powers, arises one of the chief sources of our happiness.

6. I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy.

7. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in

the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

8. Sincerity is, to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we seem to be.

9. It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because that is empire.

10. At the same time, that I think discretion the most useful talent that a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the proper and most laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views; and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

11. All is magnificent in the objects of religion. All her views comport with the highest faculties of our nature. Her features awaken our most lively sensibility. Delicious sentiments mingle themselves with the grand thoughts she inspires. She displays her celestial origin — her celestial destination. It is not to small portions of time — a few years, a few generations, a few ages — that our speculations are here limited; they embrace eternity. They are not finite beings, like ourselves, with whom we hold intercourse. It is with a Being who has for attributes, absolute perfection; for limits, immensity itself.

TESTIMONY.

1. "How can I get a conveyance to meet the stage?" asked Mr. Holiday.

The innkeeper said he had a wagon, but it was gone away. He expected it back every minute, for it had only gone two or three miles away; and as soon as it returned, Mr. Holiday and his son might have it.

2. "Is there not some other wagon or chaise in the place?" said Rollo's father.

"No," replied the innkeeper, "excepting Squire Williams's, and his has gone a journey."

"How much should you charge for your wagon?" asked Mr. Holiday.

3. "O, I don't know," said the innkeeper, with a swaggering air, walking about the bar room. "I shall not charge you any more than is fair. We can settle it when we get there."

"How far is it?" said Mr. Holiday.

"O, five miles, — about."

4. "Well," said Rollo's father, "I am sorry the wagon is not here. But come, Rollo, we will go out and see what we can find. I may possibly find some mode of conveyance," he added, addressing the tavernkeeper, "and at any rate, I will keep a lookout for your wagon as it comes back."

5. As Rollo and his father walked away from the door, Rollo asked where they were going.

"I am going to see if I can't find another wagon," replied his father.

"But the man told you," said Rollo, "that there was not another wagon in the place."

6. "But I don't believe him, because I don't know what his character is, and his appearance is rather against him. So I am going to inquire for myself," said Mr. Holiday.

"Don't believe him? Why, father, I should not think you ought to conclude that the man told a lie, just from his appearance."

7. "I did not say he told a lie. At least, I meant a different thing. I neither believe, nor disbelieve. I have no means of judging, and so I keep my judgment in suspense. He tells me there is no other wagon in the place.

8. "Now, men generally tell the truth, unless they have an interest in falsehood; and he has an interest in preventing our finding another wagon, for he wants us to hire his. So I am in doubt, whether I ought to receive his testimony or not."

9. "But, father," rejoined Rollo, not convinced, "I should think that ~~not~~ believing what he says, is just the same as believing he told a lie."

10. "I suppose it is, with you. When you don't believe a thing, you positively disbelieve it. You have not learned yet to hold your judgment in suspense, for better evidence. But I have; and I presume you will, before you are as old as I am.

11. "Do you believe your mother is in the parlor now?"

"I don't know any thing about it," said Rollo, "whether she is or not."

12. "Then," replied his father, "you cannot be said to *believe* that she is in the parlor."

"No, sir," said Rollo.

"And do you believe that she is *not* in the parlor?"

"No, sir: I don't know," said Rollo, emphatically.

13. "Well, now," rejoined his father, "the philosophy of it is just this: You have no evidence at all in respect to your mother's being in the parlor, or not being in the parlor, just at this time, and so your mind holds itself in suspense. It neither believes nor disbelieves, but waits for evidence.

14. "This is a very common condition for the mind to be in. Even the minds of boys hold themselves in suspense, when there is no evidence whatever.

15. "But when there is a little evidence, or only a little appearance of evidence, they are very apt to jump to a decision, right or wrong, and to believe or disbelieve very confidently. But sensible men, who have had experience, and profited by it, disregard the insufficient evidence, and still hold their minds in suspense."

16. "That is the best way, I think," said Rollo.

"Now, in this case," continued his father, "although appearances are against the man, there is not sufficient evidence to justify me in deciding against him, nor is there sufficient to induce me to place confidence in his testimony. So I neither believe nor disbelieve.

17. "Children generally hold their judgments in suspense as long as there is no evidence at all; but as soon as there is any evidence, or any appearance of evidence, however slight, they at once decide, and half the time are wrong. But sensible men pause and examine the evidence, and do not allow their minds to decide until it is satisfactory."

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. ROLLO and his father soon arrived at the door of a small store, upon a corner where two roads met. They went in, and Rollo's father asked the man if he knew of any body near, who could probably let him have a horse and wagon to go four or five miles.

2. The man said he had one himself. Mr. Holi-

day was very glad; and after agreeing about the price, he engaged it, and they all went out together to a little barn, pretty near, to harness the horse.

3. "I am very glad to get your wagon," said Mr. Holiday. "I was afraid that I should not get one. I understood from the tavernkeeper that there was not one in the village."

"Yes," replied the man, smiling sarcastically, "I suppose he wanted you to wait for his."

4. "Yes," said Mr. Holiday, "he said he expected it very soon."

"Very soon!" rejoined the storekeeper, in a tone of contempt; "his wagon will not be back till the middle of the afternoon. It has gone off twenty miles."

5. Rollo and his father went over to the tavern to get their baggage ready, and the wagon was to be sent after them, with a boy to drive them, and bring it back.

On their way, Rollo said, —

"What a man, to tell two such lies!"

6. "What lies do you mean?" said Rollo's father.

"Why, the two lies that the tavernkeeper told us. He said there was no other wagon in the place, and that his was coming back very soon, when in fact it is twenty miles off."

"How do you know it is twenty miles off?" said his father.

7. "Why, the storekeeper told us so," said Rollo, looking up eagerly into his father's face.

"And why do you believe the storekeeper any more than the tavernkeeper?" asked his father. "We know nothing of his character, and so do not know how much confidence to place in what he says."

8. "It is clear that the tavernkeeper told us one falsehood, for we actually see that there is another

wagon; but as to the other question, whether his own horse and wagon have gone off twenty miles, or only a short distance, we have not any sufficient ground for deciding which of the contradictory assertions to believe.

9. "This, you see, is another of those cases, in which we ought to keep our judgment in suspense, and wait for further evidence."

As they reached the tavern, the horse with the wagon, they had engaged, was driven up to the door. A strange boy sat on a small box in front of them, going with them to drive. They had proceeded but a short distance before they saw a wagon coming towards them.

10. "There is the tavernkeeper's wagon, I suppose," said Rollo, "coming now."

"Yes," said the strange boy, "that is his wagon."

11. "So the tavernkeeper," — began Rollo; but he checked himself, and did not finish what he began. He was going to say that the tavernkeeper told one truth, and the storekeeper one falsehood; but he did not know that it would be proper, to speak freely on the subject in the presence of the boy.

12. His father said nothing for the same reason; but he was confirmed in his suspicions, that the two men were rivals and enemies, and both of them unprincipled. He was glad to get away, and have no more to do with them.

THE FIRST SPRING FLOWER.

1. THE sun shone warm on an early spring day,
And melted the snow from a hillock away;
A small blue flower felt the genial glow,
And ventured up from the sod below.

She looked around her, but far and near
 Was nothing but snow, shining cold and clear.
 No leaf, no blossom, no bud was seen,
 No waving tree, and no fields of green.

2. "Ah me!" sighed the floweret, "now what can
 I do,

Here, all alone, in this world of snow?
 Already I shake in the wind's chilly breath:
 When the sun is gone, I shall freeze to death."
 While yet she spake, from the ground arose
 Two broad, thick leaves, which her form enclose.
 Their silken hairs, as the velvet fine,
 In the light of the sun, like silver shine,
 And close by her side, on either hand,
 A guard from the freezing winds, they stand.

3. "Ah, sure," said the floweret, "there, somewhere,
 must dwell

One who *knows* all that happens, and *does* all
 things well.

Though he suffers the wind to blow from the
 north,

He raises this screen of warm fur from the earth.
 In a hard-frozen world though my lot has been
 cast,

He gives me a shield from its pitiless blast.
 His love and protection to all must be known,
 Since no earthly blossom is left here alone."

PERSEVERANCE. X

1. THIS noble attribute of the mind is the moving
 power of all the others, without which every mental
 faculty would be inert.

2. By its agency, all the powers of the mind become active, and that activity renders them useful. Perseverance, though perhaps a less brilliant attribute of the mind, in point of real excellence, stands unrivalled.

3. Other faculties may plan, but this must execute. Others may lay out the work, but this must perform. Others may mark the spot for the foundation, but this must build the edifice.

4. Perseverance is to the mind, what the mainspring is to a watch, the bellows to an organ, or vitality to matter. It is the great moving power; and there never was, and there never will be, any great or important work fully carried out and completed, but by the aid of this impelling power.

5. It is the most powerful agent of the mind; and where it operates in full vigor, it will accomplish much, though the other faculties be comparatively weak.

6. Genius is of no importance, unless its powers are brought out by this agency. It is a mere meteor, flashing for a moment, and then lost forever. But perseverance enables the most humble mind in point of intellectual powers, to rise and pluck a branch from the laurel, and inscribe its name high on the temple of fame.

7. A good education is invariably the result of perseverance. No man was ever educated in a day, a month, or a year; far from it. A lifetime is too short for a full development of all the faculties of the mind, and our education can only be finished in eternity.

8. As well might the bee hope to gain her winter's store by one flight through a garden; as well might the architect hope to rear a splendid mansion by one stroke of the hammer, as for a man to gain an education in a year.

9. Therefore, young man, persevere —

“Ay, press on, press on, and you will find
That science is the food of mind ;
The path is plain, the way is clear ;
Seek Wisdom's ways, and persevere.”

THE CROW A CRITIC.

1. IN ancient times, tradition says,
When birds, like men, would strive for praise,
The bullfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
With all that chant from tree to bush,
Would often meet, in song to vie,
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
2. A knavish crow, it seems, had got
The knack to criticize by rote ;
He understood each learned phrase
As well as critics nowadays.
Some say he learned them from an owl,
By listening at his singing school.
3. 'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,
Had learned so well to play his part,
With nonsense couched in terms of art,
As to be owned by all, at last,
Director of the public taste.
4. Then, puffed with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticized ;
What he approved not, was despised ;
But one false step in evil hour,
Forever stripped him of his power.

5. Once, when the birds assembled sat,
All listening to his formal chat,
By instinct nice, he chanced to find
A cloud approaching in the wind ;
And ravens hardly can refrain
From croaking, when they think of rain.
 6. His wonted song he sung : harsher note
Sure never came from any throat.
They all, at first, with mute surprise
Each on his neighbor turned his eyes ;
But scorn succeeding, took its place,
And might be read in every face.
All this the raven saw with pain,
And strove his credit to regain.
 7. Quoth he, " The solo which ye heard,
Should not in public have appeared.
My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
Might chance the melody to wrong ;
The air, as sung, accords with rules,
You'll find in all Italian schools."
 8. He reasoned thus ; but, to his trouble,
At every word, the laugh grew double :
At last, o'ercome with shame and spite,
He flew away quite out of sight.
-

A DAY AMONG THE ALPS.

1. A DENSE fog still lingered around the sides of the mountain, and spread a dark pall over the valley of Chamouni. Our host augured a fair day, and our expectant guide was sure of it.
2. Our route lay across the Arvé and the narrow

plain, up a zigzag path to Montanvert, and thence across the glacier. We could trace the narrow track some distance up the mountain, till all was enveloped in the clouds—the end of all hope to some of the party.

3. A few hesitated about the weather, unable to perceive the clear blue sky in the regions to which we were going; some, in order to calculate the profit and loss of the outlay of physical force, counted the cost by the steps they would have to take; and others waited for mules, while I started alone.

4. It is not well to be backward in a good cause, in much work, or in a long race. One becomes discouraged by doubt and delay, and does not perform well. A good start, whether for a day or a life, is of vast importance. An hour saved in the morning, lasts all day.

5. Most young people do not enough consider the responsibilities of early life, in reference to the duties and privileges of manhood, and the honor and happiness of old age.

6. Soon we entered a forest of Alpine trees, and commenced the steep ascent. We turned here, and we turned there; up, up, up. Toiling, tugging, sweating; up, up, up. Halting, starting, hopping; up, up, up.

7. Anon we entered the region of clouds; up, up, up. All was dark, drizzly, dubious; but up, up, up. Disheartened or lazy, one turned back. Whether he fell, and dashed his brains out, is more than I know. I never heard of him afterwards. Lazy people and cowards are not sought for.

8. With him, it was down, down, down. Doubting, panting, desponding, down he went; jump, jump, jump; while we, joking, bragging, shouting, continued up, up, up.

9. An hour or so brought us near the Fountain of Claudine, half way up the first division of our

day's labor. I thought of life, of life in youth — a day and a journey.

10. A little space shines about us in childhood, dimmed by no cares. We see, and enjoy, and are amused. Towards the noon of life, we look up, and become anxious. How dark, and drear, and dubious, and difficult!

11. What impregnable barriers tower before us, hedge up our path, cut short our vision, and forbid our progress, let us turn which way we will. But the spirit in us, ever restless, ever demanding, and ever peremptory, urges us forward, and urges upward.

12. We cannot tarry. We must go forward. But whither? How? For what? Without faith, who would start? Enveloped in clouds and darkness, though young and vigorous, without hope, who would not turn back, or faint, or fall by the way?

13. Confidence, my young friends, confidence. We must penetrate farther into these cloudy, damp, chilly regions, and surmount these rugged barriers. There must be sunlight above.

14. Courage, my lads, courage. Be of stout heart. Hold on a while longer; hold on. Victory without a struggle wins no laurels. Be patient and persevere. There is no storm but has an end. Columbus found a new world to reward his perseverance. Your world is before you.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. As we left the rude buildings about the fountain, and passed up the dangerous precipices, it began to grow lighter. Objects above us grew

more distinct, though still mantled by a gauzy vapor.

2. Our hopes brightened. We felt stronger, and proceeded faster. What a power the mind has over the body! How hope lightens the burdens of life!

3. A few turns more and we emerged from the woods and clouds; at the same time the sun looked upon us in golden glory, and wrapped every object in a wreath of beauty.

4. We stood by the rude lodge on Montanvert. We gazed, and gazed, and gazed, lost in admiration of the grand and glorious scenery every where presented to our view.

5. I was entranced—perfectly ravished—completely bewildered by the ruggedness, vastness, and magnificence of the landscape. Behind us, still wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the morning, lay the quiet vale of Chamouni, dotted here and there with some romantic hamlets.

6. On one side of us lay the immense glacier, called the "Sea of Ice," extending away to the distance of twenty miles. The surface of the glacier is not smooth, but exceedingly undulating and rough. Sometimes, in the distance of half a mile, the glacier descends at least five hundred feet, resembling the rapids above Niagara Falls, seen by moonlight.

7. All over the glacier were scattered fragments of rock, resting on slender pillars of ice, presenting, by help of the imagination, a picture of vast cities in ruins.

8. But the main object of attraction lying beyond this, was Mont Blanc, whose summit towered majestically above every other object, wreathed in a pure white turban, slightly tinged with the red rays of the noonday sun.

9. Turning towards the north-east, we bent our

way along the edge of the glacier, sometimes on the ice, and sometimes on the rocks. We were now in the region of eternal snows. No green thing was in sight.

10. Perfect stillness and desolation reigned all around. Not a sound was heard, except our own voices, and the shrill whistle of the winds through the clefts of the naked rocks.

11. Soon we were encircled in an irregular basin, with a single opening towards Mont Blanc. The rim of this basin was not more than half a dozen miles over, and girdled about with jagged mountains, some protruding their naked heads four thousand feet above the drifts of snow piled about their bases.

12. Through the opening just referred to, were to be seen the Aiguilles, the royal attendants of Mont Blanc, fronting and flanking him in peerless splendor, thrusting their summits through the everlasting snows, and appearing like the Aurora Borealis, hardened into solidity, and resting on a base of pure whiteness.

13. We halted to contemplate this most astonishing scene. What a picture of old age — of the end of years! Frost, snows, dreariness, desolation, silence! No hope of a returning spring of sweet, youthful, verdant beauty!

14. We started off, and dashed over a part of the glacier, and a few miles brought us to the *Garden*, a patch of ten or twelve acres. This is a singular spot of earth — a spot covered with a beautiful green carpet of grass, ornamented with wild flowers of various hues, and lying in the midst of a vale surrounded by eternal snows, barren rocks, immortal ices!

15. What a place, and what a scene! I gazed in perfect ravishment on this gem in the immense casket of universal desolation. It was indeed a jewel — God had placed it there.

16. "Here —" I exclaimed; "yes, it is so, after all; there is a verdant spot for old age and weariness, where the decrepit and heavy laden may rest in beauty. Here is a garden of fresh grass and unsoiled flowers, which God has planted and man has not marred."

17. Then toil, patient pilgrim; though all about is frigid, lone, and desolate; though faint and weary, toil, that you may win, that you may ascend to the garden which God has planted for you.

18. Bear your crosses and fatigue with fortitude and resignation; remembering that out of sight of mortals, yet within the reach of all, above the cold, damp regions of clouds and doubts, there is a GARDEN, green, bright, and beautiful. The believing see it. The ardent hope for it. The truthful labor to reach it. There their labors cease, and they rest with God.

A GRECIAN FABLE.

ONCE on a time, a son and sire, we're told, —
The stripling tender, and the father old, —
Purchased a donkey at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They feared, if both should mount, his back would
break.

Up got the boy, the father plods on foot,
And through the gazing crowd he leads the brute;
Forth from the crowd the graybeards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout:

"This the respect to feeble age you show?
And this the duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride!"

As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
 The decent, duteous youth resigned his place.
 Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran;
 Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man:

“Sure ne’er was brute so void of nature!
 Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
 To your young child can you be so unkind?
 Here, Luke, Bill, Betty, put the child behind!”
 Old dapple next the clowns’ compassion claimed:
 “Passing strange those boobies are not ashamed!
 Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!
 They might as well have carried *him*, at least.”
 The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
 Dismount, and bear the brute. Then what a
 noise!

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
 From the yet silent sire these words provoke:

“Proceed, my boy, nor heed their further call;
 Vain his attempt who strives to please them all!”

WHO ARE THE MECHANICS?†

1. Who are the mechanics? Let history answer.
 What class, during the last seven centuries, occupies a more prominent place in the history of civilization and of constitutional liberty?

2. Where, amidst the dense darkness of the middle ages, first arose a taste for the comforts and refinements of life? Who first supplied commodities for modern commerce, thus opening a friendly intercourse between distant, dissimilar, and hitherto hostile nations, and making the improvements and discoveries of one the common property of all?

3. Who for the first time lit up that glorious spirit, which alone deserves the name of civil lib-

erty? To this question history furnishes a correct and satisfactory answer.

4. In this land, above all others, it becomes us to make grateful and respectful mention of the services, which mechanics have rendered to the cause of liberty. Their enterprise, be it remembered, was among the causes which first excited the jealousy of the mother country towards her American colonies.

5. In her efforts to strangle that enterprise, she weakened the ties of affection which bound them to her, and awoke on these shores a cry for INDEPENDENCE.

6. In the fearless remonstrances which were laid at the feet of royalty, in the negotiations which were opened, in the measures which were concerted and put into execution—in the firm and enlightened policy which saw its object and moved right onward to its attainment—who were more active or more influential than the mechanics?

7. And when, at length, the die was cast, and the tidings from LEXINGTON and BUNKER HILL proclaimed, that there was no hope but in arms and in the God of battles, who stood forth conspicuous, in the field, in the cabinet, and in foreign courts?

8. In the army of the revolution, I can recall no name, WASHINGTON's only excepted, which occupies a prouder place in the memory and affections of a grateful people, than that of NATHANIEL GREENE, the *blacksmith*.

9. In the deliberations of Congress, and in the negotiations with foreign powers, I see no worthier representatives of the cool, sagacious, inflexible, upright, and far-reaching statesmen, than BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the *printer*, and ROGER SHERMAN, the *shoemaker*.

10. I need not add the names of others scarcely less honored. If we would know what mechanics

were at the eve of the revolution, and what, in point of influence, they must ever be in a country like ours, let this suffice: Of a committee of five, appointed to draw up the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, two were mechanics.

11. He, who was the first choice of his country, as her representative at imperial courts; who, sent to baffle the arts of practised diplomatists, and face the menaces of exasperated power, did it all, and did it triumphantly, was a MECHANIC.

12. Who, then, having such models of excellence, will say that manual labor and study are incompatible; that it is not practicable for a young man to be cultivating the highest talents, nursing the noblest purposes, drinking deeply from the purest springs of knowledge, while he pursues his daily task at the forge or at the work bench?

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

1. FARMER GRAY had a neighbor who was not the best-tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest time, when every man on the farm was as busy as a bee, this man came over to Farmer Gray's, and said, in rather a petulant tone of voice, —

2. "Mr. Gray, I wish you would yoke your geese, and thus keep them on your own premises. It is no kind of a way, to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."

3. "But I cannot see to it now. It is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman, and child on the farm have as much as they can do. Try and bear it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil."

4. "I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer!" the shoemaker said. "So, if you do not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you."

5. "What upon earth can be the matter with the geese? John! William! run and see," Mrs. Gray said, about fifteen minutes afterwards, in a quick and anxious tone, to two little boys who were playing near.

6. The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform any errand, and soon returned, bearing the bodies of three geese, each without a head.

7. "We found them lying out in the road," said the oldest of the two children; "and when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said, 'Tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are all too busy to do it.'"

8. "I would sue him for it!" said Mrs. Gray, in an indignant tone. "It would teach him better manners. It would punish him; and he deserves punishment."

9. "And punish us, into the bargain," said Mr. Gray. "A lawsuit would cost us a good many geese, and not leave us so much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble. No, no, Sally; just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it."

10. "Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know? Next he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sorry for it! Now, I don't believe in that doctrine."

11. "Neighbor Barton," said Farmer Gray, in a mild, soothing tone, "was not himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person, he was a little insane, and did what he would not have done, had he been perfectly in his right mind. When you are a little excited, you know, Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things."

12. "I do and say unreasonable things!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; "I do and say unreasonable things, when I am angry! I don't understand you, Mr. Gray."

13. "May be I can help you a little. Don't you remember how angry you were when Mr. Mellon's old brindle got into our garden, and trampled over your lettuce bed, and how you struck her with the oven pole, and knocked off one of her horns?"

14. "But she had no business there."

"Neither had our geese any business in neighbor Barton's yard. But perhaps I can help you to another instance. You remember the patent churn?"

"Yes; but never mind about that."

15. "So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you were about the churn? It wasn't good for any thing, you knew it wasn't; and you would never put a jar of cream into it as long as you lived—that you wouldn't; and yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you had ever used, and now wouldn't part with it on any consideration. Thus, even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry, just as well as Mr. Barton can. Let us give him time to get over his angry fit."

16. The next morning, as Farmer Gray was going along the road, he met the shoemaker; and as they had to pass very near each other, the farmer smiled, and bowed, and spoke kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy; but Farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

17. The same day, one of Mr. Gray's little boys came running to him, and crying,—

"O, father, father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our cornfield."

"Then I must go and drive them out," said Farmer Gray, in a quiet tone.

18. "Drive them out!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray, "drive them out, indeed! I would shoot them; that is what I would do. Remember how he served my geese yesterday."

19. "You know what the Bible says about grievous words, and they apply with stronger force to grievous actions. No, no; I will return neighbor Barton good for evil. That is the best way. He has done wrong, and I am sure he is sorry for it."

20. So saying, Farmer Gray hurried off towards his cornfield. He drove out the hogs very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered. He then gathered up the half-eaten ears of corn, and threw them out into the lane for the hogs.

21. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Barton, who had from his own house seen the farmer turn the hogs out of the cornfield, came hurriedly up and said, —

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this. I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed."

22. "O, never mind, friend Barton, never mind. Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."

23. "Don't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They did not annoy me half as much as I imagined they did. But let the damage be estimated, and I will pay you for it most cheerfully."

24. "O, no, not for the world, friend Barton. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will trespass on you again. Let us then bear and forbear."

25. All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart. His own ill-natured language and conduct at a

much smaller trespass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified him.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. "You told him your mind pretty plainly, I hope," Mrs. Gray said, as her husband came in.

"I certainly did," was the quiet reply.

"I am glad you had spirit enough to do it. And what did he say for himself?"

2. "Why, he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten; but I would not hear of it. I told him that it made no difference in the world; that such accidents would happen sometimes."

"You did!"

"Certainly I did."

3. "And that is the way you spoke your mind to him?"

"Precisely; and it had the desired effect. It made him feel ten times worse, than if I had spoken angrily to him. His only fault is his quick temper; but I am sure, it is much better to bear with it than to oppose and excite it."

4. "You are right," Mrs. Gray said, "and I wish that I could think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick, as they say."

"And so is Mr. Barton. Now, just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, should you exercise towards Mr. Barton, or any one else whose hasty temper leads him into words or actions, that in calmer or more thoughtful moments are subjects of regret."

5. "Admirable!" ejaculated Farmer Gray, the next day.

"What is admirable?" asked his wife.

"Why, the lesson I gave our friend Barton, yesterday, works admirably."

"How so?"

6. "Why, two of our cows were in his cornfield, a few minutes ago, destroying the corn at a rapid rate."

"Well, what did he do to them?" she asked, in a quick, anxious tone.

"He drove them out."

"Did he stone them, or beat them?"

7. "O, no. He was gentle as a child towards them. Now, suppose I had got angry and beaten his hogs yesterday, what do you think the result would have been? Why, probably one or both of our cows would have been, at this moment, in the condition of Mr. Mellon's old brindle."

8. "I wish you wouldn't say any thing more about old brindle," Mrs. Gray said, trying to laugh, while her face grew red in spite of her efforts to keep down her feelings.

"It is such a good illustration that I cannot help using it, sometimes."

9. "I am glad he didn't hurt the cows," Mrs. Gray said, after a pause. "It is certainly the best policy to keep fair weather with him, for a man of his temper could annoy us a great deal."

10. "That word policy, Sally, is not a good word. It conveys a thoroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to look for some higher motive of action than mere policy. Mr. Barton, in nine cases out of ten, in these outbreaks of a naturally hasty temper, is a greater sufferer from them than any one else. We should desire to aid him in the correction of this evil, rather than merely to protect ourselves from its effects.

11. "In all our actions towards him and every one else, we should be governed by the simple con

sideration — Is it right? If a spirit of retaliation is not right, then it cannot be indulged without a mutual injury. It should never, then, prompt us to action.

12. "If cows or hogs get into my field or garden, and destroy my property, the fault is mine. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gate closed. I ought not to injure the animals simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act, and not from any selfish policy."

13. After this there was no more trouble about Farmer Gray's geese or cattle. From that time forth he never had a better neighbor than the shoemaker. The cows, and hogs, and geese of both would occasionally trespass; but the trespassers were always kindly removed.

14. The lesson was not lost on either of them; for even Farmer Gray used to feel sometimes a little annoyed when his neighbor's cattle broke into his field; but in teaching the shoemaker a lesson, he had taken a little of it to himself.

THE BOY OF HEAVEN.

1. ONE summer eve, seven little boys
Were playing at the ball;
Seven little boys so beautiful,
Beside a castle wall.
2. And whilst they played, another came
And stood among them there;
A little boy with gentle eyes,
And thick and curling hair.

3. The clothes he on his body wore
Were linen, fine and white;
The girdle that was round his waist
Was like the morning light.
4. A little while he looked on them—
Looked lovingly, and smiled;
When unto him the eldest said,
“ Whence comest thou, fair child ?
5. “ And tell us what wild woodland name
Has unto thee been given ? ”
“ My name was Willie, when on earth ;
They call me so in heaven.
6. “ Seven years ago, to heaven I went ;
’Twas in the winter chill,
When icy cold the winds did blow,
And mists were on the hill.
7. “ But when I reached the land of heaven,
’Twas like a summer’s day ;
The skies were blue, and fragrant flowers
All round about me lay.
8. “ The land of heaven is beautiful —
There no cold wind doth blow ;
And apples fairer than of earth
Within its gardens grow.
9. “ I’ve seen the patriarchs face to face ;
The wise of every land ;
And with the heavenly little ones
Have wandered, hand in hand, —
10. “ Down by the golden streams of life,
All through the forests old,

And o'er the boundless hills of heaven,
The sheep of God's own fold."

11. Then up and spoke a little boy,
The youngest of the seven :
" My mother's dead, so let me go
With thee, dear child, to heaven.
12. " My mother's dead, and father loves
His dogs far more than me ;
No one would miss me if I went ;
O, let me go with thee."
13. " Alas !" the heavenly child replied,
" That home thou can'st not win
If there's an ill word on thy tongue,
Or in thy heart a sin.
14. " The way is long and wearisome —
Through peril great it lies ;
With any sin upon thy soul,
From earth thou couldst not rise.
15. " Dar'st go with me ? Wilt try the path,
Now thou its pain dost know ?"
The motherless boy leaped up with joy,
And said, " I long to go."

LIEUTENANT TURNIPTOP IN GENERAL COURT.

1. " IF I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the day when I was chosen representative. Isaac Hornblower ran himself out of a year's growth to bring me the news ; for I staid away

from town meeting out of dignity, as the way is, being a candidate.

2. "I, at first, could not believe it; though, when I spied Isaac coming round Slouch's corner with his coat tails flapping in the wind, and pulling straight ahead for our house, I felt certain that something was the matter; and my heart began to bump, bump so under my jacket, that it was a wonder it did not knock a button off.

3. "However, I put on a bold face; and when Isaac came bolting into the house, I pretended not to be thinking of the matter.

"'Lieutenant Turniptop,' says Isaac, 'you've got the election!'

4. "'Got what?' says I, pretending to be surprised in a coolish sort of a way.

"'Got the election,' says he, 'all hollow; you've got a majority of thirteen — a clear majority; clean, smack smooth, and no two words about it.'

5. "'Pooh!' says I, trying to keep cool, though at the same time I felt all over — I can't tell how. The idea of going into public life and being called 'Squire Turniptop,' was almost too much for me, and I seemed to feel, as if I was standing above the north pole, with my head above the clouds. 'Got the election?' says I, and trying to put on a proper dignity for the occasion. 'Got a majority?' says I, once more.

6. "'As sure as a gun,' says Isaac; 'I heard it with my own ears. Squire Dobbs read it off to the whole meeting: Tobias Turniptop has fifty-nine, and — is — chosen!'

7. "I thought I should have choked. Millions of glorious ideas seemed to be swelling up, all at a time, in me. I had just been reading Doctor Growler's sermon on the end of the world; but now I thought the world was just beginning.

8. "'You are representative to the General

Court!' says Isaac, striking his forefinger into the palm of his left hand, with as much emphasis as if a new world had been created. I felt more magnanimous than ever. 'I shan't accept,' said I.

9. "'Shan't accept!' screamed out Isaac, in the greatest amazement, with his eyes starting out of his head. 'Shall I go back and tell them so?'

10. "'I'll take it into consideration, Isaac,' says I, trying all the while to look as important as I could. 'It is an office of great responsibility, Isaac, you know,' says I; 'but I'll think of it, and after due deliberation, if my constituents insist upon my going, why, then, if I thought I could be of any credit to our town, I'd go and try to let 'em know what's what,' says I.

11. "I could not shut my eyes to sleep, all that night. I determined on getting a bran new suit of clothes; and, in addition to this, I didn't hesitate long about having a watch-chain and breastpin. It can't be imagined, how much the affairs of the nation occupied my mind all the next day, and three weeks afterwards. The concerns of the whole commonwealth, seemed to be resting on my shoulders.

12. "Every body wished me joy of my election, and seemed to expect great things of me. I saw that the eyes of the whole community were turned upon me, and I could not help seeing that nothing would satisfy them, if I did not do something for the credit of the town.

13. "Squire Dobbs, the chairman of the selectmen, preached me a long lecture on responsibility. 'Lieutenant Turniptop,' says he, 'I hope you'll keep up the reputation of Squashborough.'

14. "'I hope I shall, squire,' says I, holding up my head, for I felt my dignity rising.

"'It is a highly-responsible office, this going to Gineral Court,' says he.

15. "‘I am altogether aware of that,’ says I, looking serious. ‘I am aware of that,’ totally and officially, and I feel more and more the responsibility, the more I think of it,’ says I.

“‘Squashborough,’ says the squire, ‘has always been a credit to the commonwealth ——’

16. "‘Who doubts it?’ says I.

“‘And a credit to the General Court,’ says he; ‘and I hope you’ll let ’em know who you are.’

“‘I guess I know a thing or two,’ says I.

17. "‘But,’ says the squire, ‘a representative can’t do his duty to his constituents without knowing the constitution. It is my opinion you ought not to vote for the dog tax.’

18. "‘That is a matter that calls for due deliberation,’ says I. So I went home, and began to prepare for my legislative duties. I studied the statute on cart wheels, and the act in addition to an act entitled an act.

19. "‘People may sit in their chimney corners and imagine it is an easy thing to be a representative; but this is a great mistake. For three weeks, I thought of my responsibility and my duties to my constituents. As all the representatives from our part of the country, had done great things for their constituents, I determined not to do less.

20. "‘I resolved, therefore, to make a speech; to make a motion for a bank in Squashborough; to move that all salaries be cut down one half, except the pay of the representatives; and to second every motion for an adjournment.

21. "‘As to my speech, I took care to have it all written before hand. It was all about my constituents, and responsibility, and Bunker Hill, and the heroes of ’76, and dying for liberty.

22. "‘After I had got it well by heart, I went out into the woods, where nobody could hear me, and delivered it off to see how it would go; but I was

not quite satisfied with it, and so I wrote it over again, and put in something about 'fought, bled, and died,' and tucked in a few more words, here and there, about responsibility.

23. "When the time came for me to set out for the General Court, the whole town came to see me off. They all gave me strict charge to stand up for my constituents. I promised them I would, 'for I am fully sensible of my responsibility,' says I."

THE SAME.—CONTINUED.

1. "THE day I took my seat, was a day of all days in the year. I never shall forget it. I thought I had never lived till then; and when I thought how much I was expected to do for the credit of the town, it was overwhelming. What a weight of responsibility I felt!

2. "It beats all nature, to see what a difficulty there is in getting a chance to make a speech. Forty things were put to vote, and passed without my being able to say a word, though I felt certain I could have said something upon every one of them.

3. "At last, however, two great questions were brought forward which seemed to be too good to lose. These were respecting the Salt River turnpike, and cart wheels. The moment I heard the last one mentioned, I felt convinced it was just the thing for me.

4. "The other members thought so too; for when it came up for discussion, the member from Clamville gave me a jog with his elbow. 'Lieutenant,' says he, 'now is your time.' No sooner said than done. I jumped up and called out, 'Mr. Speaker.'

5. "As sure as the world, I had caught him at last. There was nobody else had spoken quick enough, and I had the floor. 'Gentleman from Squashborough,' says he. 'Now,' thinks I to myself, 'I must begin.'

6. "'Mr. Speaker,' said I, 'I rise to the question. Mr. Speaker,' says I again. Here every body looked round at me. Five minutes before I was bold as a lion; but now I felt so much dashed, that I believe I should have sat right down, had not the member from Gull-Hill said, 'Now is your time, lieutenant; that is right; give them the grand touch! Squashborough forever!' says he. This had a mighty encouraging effect, and so I began and went on.

7. "'Mr. Speaker,' says I, 'this is a subject of vital importance. The question, Mr. Speaker, is on the amendment. I have a decided opinion on that point, Mr. Speaker. I am altogether opposed to the last gentleman, and I feel bound in duty to my constituents, and the responsibility of my office, to express my opinion on this question. Mr. Speaker, our glorious forefathers fought, bled, and died for glorious liberty. My constituents have a vital interest in the subject of cart wheels.

8. "'Let us take a retrospective view, Mr. Speaker, of the present condition of all the kingdoms and tribes of the earth. Look abroad, Mr. Speaker, over the wide expansion of Nature's universe, beyond the mighty billows of the great Atlantic! Behold Bonaparte going about like a thunderbolt, turning the world topsy turvy, and making a terrible stir among the sons of men.

9. "'But to return to the subject, Mr. Speaker. I am decidedly opposed to the amendment; it is contrary to the principles of freedom and the principles of responsibility. Tell it to your children and to your children's children, Mr. Speaker, that

liberty is the everlasting birthright of the grand community of Nature's freemen.

10. "Why, Mr. Speaker, sir, if we only stand up for our rights, our rights will stand up for us, and we shall all stand uprightly together, without shivering or shaking. A true patriot, Mr. Speaker, will die for his country. May we all imitate the glorious example, and die for our country.

11. "The member who said so much about these hard times, and every thing and more too about commerce, may say as much as he pleases about factories and making iron.

12. "Why, Mr. Speaker, sir, what does the gentleman mean? Is not agriculture to be cultivated? He that would not stand up for agriculture, and for the best interests of his constituents, is worse than a cannibal, a Hottentot, or a hippopotamus.

13. "I stand up here, Mr. Speaker, for the cart wheels, and so do my constituents. When my constituents call on me with the voice of a speaking trumpet, may I never be backward in coming forward. I stand up here, Mr. Speaker, to keep the rising generation from falling into the deep slough of anarchy.

14. "But here, just as I was saying 'rising generation,' a little fat, round-faced man turned round and looked right up at me, twisting the corner of his mouth into a queer kind of a pucker. This bothered me so, that I could not remember the next word.

15. "I felt in my pocket for my speech — it was not there; then in my hat — it was not there; then behind me and on both sides of me; but lo and behold, it was not to be found. But all this while I pretended to be going on with my speech, saying, 'rising generation,' 'responsibility,' 'my constituents fought, bled, and died.'

16. "Finally, the little man with the round face

put his thumb on the side of his nose, and made a sort of wriggling with his fingers. The speaker began to giggle, and the next moment the whole house was convulsed with laughter.

17. "I was thrown back on my seat, as if a bombshell had exploded at my feet. The member from Bowlingville, seeing my embarrassment, rose and moved 'that the house do now adjourn.' So I snatched up my hat, and retreated under cover of the smoke."

PIMPERNEL—THE WEATHER GLASS.

1. "I'll go and peep at the pimpernel,
And see if she thinks the clouds look well ;
For if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For my schoolmates are there :
So, pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the
sky?"
2. Now the pimpernel flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup ;
And unto the maid
Thus her warning said :
" Though the sun smile down,
There's a gathering frown
O'er the checkered blue of the clouded sky ;
So tarry at home, for a storm is nigh."
3. The maid first looked sad, and then looked cross ;
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss.
" Say you so, indeed,
You mean little weed ?
You're shut up for spite,
For the blue sky is bright."

To more credulous people your warning tell ;
I'll away to the fair ; good day, pimpernel."

4. "Stay at home," quoth the flower. "In sooth,
not I ;

I'll don my straw hat with a silken tie ;

O'er my neck so fair

I'll a kerchief wear,

White, checkered with pink,

And then — let me think —

I'll consider my gown, for I'd fain look well."

So saying, she stepped o'er the pimpernel.

5. The fair maiden straight donned her best array,
And forth to the festival hied away ;

But scarce had she gone

Ere the storm came on ;

And 'mid thunder and rain

She cried, oft and again,

"O, would I had minded yon boding flower,

And were safe at home from the pelting shower!"

6. Now, maidens, the tale that I tell would say,
Don't don fine clothes on a doubtful day ;
Nor ask advice, when, like many more,
You had made up your minds some time before.

EVAPORATION BY ATTRACTION.—INDUC- TION.

1. WHEN water is spilled upon wood, there is an attraction between the wood and the water, so that it adheres to the wood ; and, in fact, there is a similar attraction between water and almost all solid substances.

2. The air has also a strong and very peculiar attraction for water; and when any water is lying upon a board, the air over it gradually takes it up. The particles of water rise up, one after another, and mingle with the air and float away.

3. We cannot see them, for they are very small, and they rise very gradually, and they make no difference in the appearance of the air when they have mingled with it. It is something like sugar dissolving in a cup of warm water.

4. The water has an attraction for the sugar, and takes the particles off from it gradually, and floats them away, until all the sugar is diffused equally over the whole cup of water. So the air takes up the water. This is what we call *drying*. It is the water going off into the air, because the attraction of the air for it is stronger, than that of the solid substance it rests upon.

5. But oil will not dry up in that way. If you pour oil upon a board, and leave it for months, when you come back you will find it oily still. This is because there is a stronger attraction between the oil and the board, than there is between the oil and the air.

6. It is generally the case, that when water has any thing mixed with it, or dissolved in it, if you expose it to the air, the water will evaporate and leave the other substance dry. Ink, for instance, consists of a black coloring matter dissolved in water. The water will evaporate, and leave all the black part behind on the paper.

7. "Then it seems that nothing will dry up but water," said Charles.

"I don't think of any thing," said his teacher.

"Then I have learned one thing, haven't I?" said he.

8. "No, you have not learned yet that nothing will evaporate but water, from such poor reasoning as this. It would be very poor induction."

"Induction?" said Charles. "What is induction?"

9. "Why, when we say a thing is always true, because it is true in all the cases we have known, that is induction."

"Is that a good argument?" said Charles.

10. "Yes, sometimes; but we cannot establish a general truth in that way, unless we have taken a great deal of pains, to get all the facts we can possibly collect. It would not be safe, for us to judge from the very few liquids that we happen to think of just now. Boys are very apt to make false inductions in a thousand ways.

11. "Once I took you out in the fields to get some strawberries. I told you, I knew of a place where they were very thick and large. As soon as we got into the field a little way, and you happened, at first, to find them few and small, you said, 'This is not a good field at all.'"

12. "Was that a false induction?" said Charles.

"Yes; from a very few particulars, you came to a general conclusion, and your conclusion was wrong; for we afterwards found them very large and very plentiful.

13. "To have made a sound induction, you ought to have waited, till you had gone over the field in various directions; and if you found them few and small wherever you went, then you might properly have supposed it to have been a poor field for strawberries."

14. "Why, then I should have known; for I should have seen the field all over."

"No, you would, in fact, have actually seen only a small part of all the strawberries, and places for strawberries, in the whole field. But, after seeing a considerable part of it, you might, perhaps, have safely inferred that the rest would correspond.

15. "This would have been induction; that is,

inferring a general conclusion from a knowledge of a small number of particulars.

16. "But we can never be perfectly sure in induction, even where we are most careful and cautious; and, therefore, we must take great pains not to judge hastily. There is no way by which people make more mistakes, than by coming to general conclusions from too small a number of facts."

COLUMBINE.

1. BRING lilies for a maiden's grave,
Roses to deck the bride,
Tulips for all who love through life
In brave attire to ride.
Bring each for each, in bower and hall,
But cull the columbine for all.
2. "The columbine? Full many a flower
Hath hues more clear and bright,
Although she doth in purple go,
In crimson, pink, and white.
Why, when so many fairer shine,
Why choose the homely columbine?"
3. Examine well each floweret's form;
Read ye not something more
Than curl of petal, depth of tint?
Saw ye ne'er aught before
That claims a fancied semblance there,
Amid those modelled leaves so fair?
4. Know ye the cap which Folly wears
In ancient masques and plays?
Does not the columbine recall
That toy of olden days?

And is not Folly reigning now
O'er many a wisdom-written brow?

5. 'Tis Folly's flower, that homely one;
That universal guest
Makes every garden but a type
Of every human breast;
For though ye tend both mind and bower,
There's still a nook for Folly's flower.

6. Then gather roses for the bride;
Twine them in her bright hair;
But ere the wreath be done, O, let
The columbine be there.
For rest ye sure, that follies dwell
In many a heart that loveth well.

7. Gather ye laurels for the brow
Of every prince of song;
For all to whom philosophy
And wisdom do belong.
But ne'er forget to intertwine
A flower or two of columbine.

8. Forget it not; for even they,
The oracles of earth,
'Mid all their wealth of golden thoughts,
Their wisdom and their worth,
Sometimes play pranks beneath the sky
Would scarce become e'en such as I!

9. Weave ye an armful of that plant,
Choosing the darkest flowers;
With that red, blood-dipped wreath, ye bring
The devastating powers
Of warrior, conqueror, or chief;
O, twine that full of Folly's leaf!

10. And do ye ask me, why this flower
Is fit for every brow?
Tell me but one, where folly ne'er
Hath dwelt, nor dwelleth now,
And I will then the laurel twine,
Unmingled with the columbine.
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I CAN'T AND I WILL.

1. THERE is no country on the earth, where there is less of squalid poverty, and where the people generally enjoy more comfort and happiness, than in New England.

2. And what is the reason? There is no other country in the world, where the people are so industrious — where all the people are engaged in some useful employment.

3. In New England, boys are set to work as soon as they are old enough to handle a hoe, an axe, or a spade. Every child has something to do, and it is not in the nature of a son of New England, to be happy without employment.

4. When you find one of them educated, and rising to eminence in professional life, if you trace back his history, in most cases, you will find that, when a boy, he worked on his father's farm, or in his father's shop.

5. In no point in the whole course of his education, does the hydra-headed monster, "I can't," rise up and impede his progress — "I can't," that sovereign arbiter in the idler's destiny, never prevents him from attempting any thing, however difficult, however laborious.

6. If a steamboat is to be built, if a factory is to be erected, or if a railroad is to be constructed,

"I can't" gets no chance to throw obstructions in the way. "I can't" is thrust aside, where it must fold its hands and stare at 'vacancy.

7. "I WILL" is the sovereign arbiter of the Yankee's destiny; it invigorates his body, sharpens his intellect, and promotes cheerfulness. It spins, it weaves, it polishes, it beautifies, it adorns.

8. "I CAN'T" makes a torpid body, a vacant mind, a peevish disposition, a discontented spirit. It stops the spindle, obstructs the shuttle, destroys the file, and defaces all things within its reach.

9. "I WILL" expects much, aims high, attempts great things, grasps the Archimedean lever, cheers all, and in the end is successful. "I can't," like the torpedo, benumbs every thing that comes within its touch, expects little, attempts less, and accomplishes nothing.

EVAPORATION BY HEAT AND STEAM.

1. THERE are several circumstances, which make the air take up water faster than it otherwise would, or which promote evaporation, as the philosophers call it. One is warmth.

2. If you warm a board or paper that is wet, or warm the air which lies over it, the moisture will evaporate much quicker. That is the reason why, when we want any thing to dry quick, we hold it to the fire.

3. Air can hold only a certain quantity of moisture, though warm air can hold more than cold. So, if we want air to take up as much water as possible, and as fast as possible, we must warm it.

4. Then, if we allow this warm air to take up as much water as it will hold, and afterwards cool

the air, there will be more water in the air than it can hold. The surplus will fall down out of the air again, in large or small drops. This is the way that it comes to rain.

5. The air lying over the sea, ponds, and rivers, in summer becomes warm, and takes up as much water as warm air can hold. This air then rises up into the colder regions, or is moved by winds off to the north, and thus gets cooled. It is then no longer able to hold the moisture which it contains; and consequently this moisture will fall in drops of rain, or in hail, or in snow.

6. There is a phenomenon that takes place in houses, in the winter, that is just like this, in principle. In the daytime, when the room is warm, the air takes up moisture from our breaths, and from various other sources, until it has more than cold air can contain.

7. Then, in the night, the cold air, outside of the windows, cools the glass, and, through the glass, the air in the room which touches the glass; and so the moisture leaves the air, and attaches itself to the glass, and makes the beautiful frostwork so often seen.

8. So with our breaths, in a cold, frosty morning; the air which we breathe, when it comes up from the lungs, is warm, and takes up a great deal of moisture from all the passages which it comes through. Then, when it comes out into the cold, it is suddenly cooled, and cannot hold so much; and so the surplus becomes visible in little drops.

9. That vapory appearance we see in a cold morning, like a little fog, is formed of little drops of water, too small for us to distinguish one by one, though all together they make a sort of haze. But it vanishes pretty quick.

10. The little drops spread about in the thin air, and are re-dissolved; that is, the particles that

compose them, are taken up again by the air, and so they disappear.

11. The evaporation of water is going on all the time, from all ponds, and lakes, and seas, and rivers—from the ground, the leaves of trees, the brooks—from all vessels of water, or watery liquids—and from all wet things, of every kind; and thus the air is continually receiving new supplies.

12. Then there is another way by which water is turned into vapor, besides being taken up by the atmosphere; that is, by boiling it, and thus changing it into steam.

13. What you see coming out of the nose of the teakettle is not strictly steam, though commonly so called. Real steam is invisible.

14. If you heat water very hot indeed, it turns into a kind of hot, scalding air, which is really steam. This steam is, in fact, water spread out, as it were, very thin, and pressing out in every direction, just like air, only it is all composed of particles of water; and as soon as you let it cool, it turns back to water again.

THE SAME.—CONTINUED.

1. So there are two ways of getting water off from an iron which is wet. The first way is, to leave the iron out in the air, and the air will gradually take all the water up, by its attraction for water; and if you warm the iron or the air a little, the air will take it up all the faster.

2. But the second way is, to put the iron over the fire, and heat it very hot indeed; then the water will turn at once into steam, and go off from the iron, whether there is any air over it or not.

3. As soon as the steam gets away from the hot iron, and mixes a little with the cold air, it cools, and turns into little drops of water again, making a little white cloud.

4. The way a teakettle boils is thus. The fire below heats the bottom of the kettle so hot, that the water next to it turns into steam. This steam now is a great deal lighter than the water; and so it rises up through the water, in great bubbles.

5. If the fire is very hot, these bubbles of steam come up very fast, and make the boiling noise that we hear. This bubbling and boiling is because the fire is *under* the kettle, and consequently the bubbles of steam are formed at the bottom, and have to rise up through the water.

6. If the heat were to come only upon the top of the water, I suppose there would be no bubbling; for the steam would be formed there, and would pass off at once, silently, without bubbling through the water at all.

7. Now, when these bubbles come up to the upper part of the kettle, they fill the whole space above the water with steam; and, if you could peep in there, you would see that there was no cloudy appearance of vapor there; it would be pure and transparent, like air.

8. I have seen water boiled in a flask; and then I could see through the sides of the flask, and it was all perfectly transparent and colorless; though, as soon as the steam came out of the top into the cool air, it turned into a column of visible vapor.

9. Besides, if you look into the nose of the teakettle, you will see that there is no appearance of any cloudiness within, nor even without, until the steam has got away a little distance from the hot iron, so as to be cooled a little.

10. You can see it, too, in chimneys, where wood is burning, or any other fuel which contains moisture.

11. In a cold morning, a cloud of steam, as it is generally called, comes out from the top; but it does not begin to show itself, until it has got up a foot or two above the top of the chimney; for it comes out so hot, that it must proceed a little way into the air, to get cool enough to turn back into water again, or to become condensed.

12. There are two ways, then, by which water may be carried off into the air. One is, by boiling it, and turning it into steam; and in this case, it goes off in a mass, which is, in fact, all water, though it appears like air.

13. The other way is, to let the air gradually take it up by attraction; and in this case, it mingles with the air, and floats away. And when steam goes up into the air, it almost immediately becomes condensed into a cloud of very small, watery globules, and these are then gradually dissolved by the air.

14. If it were not for these modes, by which water is carried up and diffused through the air, the world would soon be in a sad condition; for if any thing was once wet, we could never dry it.

15. Now, if we get oil upon our clothes or hands, or upon a board, it is very difficult to get it out. The reason is, the atmosphere will not take it up; and we cannot easily contrive any way to remove it.

16. If the air would not take up water, then, when our hands were once wet, they would have to remain wet. Every thing we touched would be wet. We could not dry any thing.

17. Then, again, the ground would be permanently wet and muddy; for if the atmosphere had no attraction for water, all the water which is now in the atmosphere would fall at once, and flood the ground.

18. A great part of this would run off into the

rivers and sea ; but enough would be retained by the attraction of cohesion, to make every thing wet and disagreeable.

19. After the water which is now in the atmosphere, had fallen down, no more could ever get up ; and we should never have any more clouds or rain. The water in the streams and rivers would soon all run off into the sea.

20. Thus you see, children, how well the properties of water have been arranged, to make this world a pleasant place for us to live in.

COME, LET US PRAY.

1. Come, let us pray : 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near ;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear.
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace : let us pray.
2. Come, let us pray : the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer.
Our God will chase our griefs away :
O, glorious thought ! — come, let us pray.
3. Come, let us pray : the mercy seat
Invites the fervent prayer ;
Our heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there.
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us : let us pray.

OBEYING GOD.

1. WHEN God says, "Sun, shine in the skies!" the Sun directly answers, not in words, but in deeds — "Here am I, to do my Maker's will, to light up earth and heaven with my glory, to gild all things with gold, and to make the whole creation rejoice."

2. When God says to the Moon, "Appear!" the Moon replies — "Here am I, with my silvery light, to scatter the darkness, and to render night lovely."

3. When God says to the Stars, "Shine forth!" they instantly answer — "We are thy servants, and gladly do thy bidding. Already are we in the skies, and there will we keep watch, till thou givest us leave to retire."

4. Thus do the Sun, and the Moon, and the Stars obey their almighty Maker.

5. When God says to the Spring, "Come forth with thy flowers!" does she tarry, or refuse to answer? No; "I come," says the Spring. "Here are my greenest leaves. Here are my freshest flowers, wherewith to beautify the earth. The snow-drop is in the garden, and the primrose on the banks and in the coppice."

6. When God says to the Summer, "Gladden the earth!" the answer of Summer is this — "At thy voice, I spread my influence abroad; the birds are warbling, the flowers are blooming, the trees are blossoming, and nature is rejoicing."

7. When God says to the Autumn, "Withhold not thy fruit!" "They are here," is Autumn's reply. "The bush is laden with berries, and the trees with fruit, and the fields are waving their golden grain, ready for the sickle of the husbandman."

8. When God says to the Winter, "Where art thou, and where are thy storms?" "They are abroad at thy command," replies Winter. "Frost has bound

up the earth and the waters ; snow has covered the ground, and the wings of the howling winds are flying through the air. Who shall stand before thy cold ? ”

9. Thus do Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter obey the command of the Holy One.

10. And shall the Sun with his glory, the Moon with her beams, and the Stars with their light, obey their Maker ? Shall Spring with her flowers, Summer with his blossoms, Autumn with his fruit, and surly Winter with his storms, gladly hasten to do the commandment of the Lord, and thou refuse to obey him ?

11. O, let thy language be, —

While Sun, and Moon, and Stars are seen,
And seasons round me roll,
I will obey the Lord my God
With all my heart and soul.

THE MOSS ROSE.

1. THE Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay —
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose : —
2. “ O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou hast given me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.”
3. Then said the Rose, with deepening glow,
“ On me another grace bestow.”
The spirit paused in silent thought —
What grace was there that flower had not ?

4. 'Twas but a moment — o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws;
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?
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SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, HIS NEPHEW FREDERIC, AND HIS SERVANT HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir Robert. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not one syllable of sense in all you have been saying; but I suppose you will maintain that there is, though?

Dobbins. Yes.

Sir Rob. Yes! Is that the way you talk to me? What is my name?

Dob. Robert Bramble.

Sir Rob. Robert Bramble? Robert? Nothing else but Robert? Am I not a baronet — Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? It is time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years. Can you deny that?

Dob. Umph!

Sir Rob. Umph! What do you mean by "umph!" Open your mouth, and make your voice walk out of it. Why do you not answer my question?

Dob. Because if I contradict you, I shall tell a lie; and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir Rob. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all the hair has tumbled off it before I have carried my point.

Dob. Well, if a servant has grown bold in his

master's employment, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, at least, however little might be the regard for it on the other.

Sir Rob. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are honest. But to come to the point. I tell you I do not like your flat contradiction.

Dob. Yes, you do.

Sir Rob. I tell you I don't. I love to hear men's arguments. I hate their flummery.

Dob. What do you call flummery?

Sir Rob. Flattery, you blockhead! — a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Dob. I never served it up to you.

Sir Rob. No; you give me a dish of a different description.

Dob. Umph! What is it?

Sir Rob. What is it? Why, something worse than sour krout, you old crab.

Dob. O yes — very true. I have held you a pretty considerable stout tug at argument, for many a year.

Sir Rob. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now, mind; when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him. Now, I am rich, and hate flattery; therefore, when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Dob. That is wrong.

Sir Rob. Very well — it is denied. Now, then, prove it.

Dob. Put the case thus, then: I am a poor man —

Sir Rob. Not so! — don't tell me you are a poor man. No lying, you scoundrel — you are not poor. You know you never shall want, while I have a shilling.

Dob. Bless you! But, hear me. Now, then, I am a poor — I must be a poor man now, or I never shall get on.

Sir Rob. Well, get on — be a poor man !

Dob. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and I convince you that you are wrong ; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I assent to it — I agree with you — and am fully of your opinion. Now, that is no flattery.

Sir Rob. Why, no — to be sure ; but when a man is of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument and that puts an end to the conversation ; so I hate him for that. But where is my nephew Frederic ?

Dob. Been out these two hours.

Sir Rob. An undutiful young prodigal ! only arrived last night from Russia ; and, though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he is scampering over the fields like a Tartar.

Dob. He is a fine young lad.

Sir Rob. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he is a little like me, Humphrey ?

Dob. Bless you, not a bit ; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir Rob. Now, that is impudent ! But there is no flattery in it ; and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of a tame spirit. Humphrey, you remember my brother Job ?

Dob. Yes ; you drove him to Russia five and twenty years ago.

Sir Rob. I drove him !

Dob. Yes, you did ; you would never let him be at peace.

Sir Rob. At peace ! Zounds ! I never could excite him by contradictions, or disturb him in the way of argument, let me say what I would.

Dob. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir Rob. So has a duck pond. He was a bit of still life ; a chip ; a tame rabbit boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments

with his mouth open — good or bad, he swallowed them all, without any reserve. We could not disagree, and so we parted.

Dob. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir Rob. A quiet life! Why, he went into trade soon as he got there, and finally he went to speculating in furs, flax, pot ashes, tallow, linseed, and leather. And what is the consequence? Twelve months ago he broke; and now, this madcap Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor fellow! now he is in distress I must not neglect his son.

Dob. Here comes Frederic.

Fred. Ah! my dear uncle, good morning. I have been coursing it all over your park.

Sir Rob. And what business had you to do so? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred. So you did; but really I forgot it. O, my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from the cold, northern regions of Russia. The day looked bright — the trees budding — birds singing — the park was gay; so I took a hop, skip, and a jump out of your old balcony, and made your deer fly before me like the wind, all over the park; but this did not disturb you, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir Rob. Ah! so the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony and worry my deer?

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir Rob. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, if you set any value upon a good legacy.

Fred. I hate legacies.

Sir Rob. Sir, that is very singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle. They are the posthumous despatches Affection sends to Grat-

itude, to inform us we have lost a friend. But I will own, my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future, for they tell me you are a very good, kind old gentleman.

Sir Rob. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

Fred. Old rusty there.

Sir Rob. Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

Dob. Yes, but I did, though.

Fred. Yes, he did; and, on that score, I shall be anxious to show you obedience; for it is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its assiduities at the pocket.

Sir Rob. Jump out of every window I have in the house! Hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Ay, this is spunk and plain speaking. Give me the man, who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrine smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Dob. So do I. But come, come, let us go to the business of the morning.

Sir Rob. Don't talk to me about the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion? I hate the business of the morning!

Dob. No, you don't.

Rob. And why not?

Dob. Because it is charity.

Sir Rob. Well, we must not neglect such business. See if there is any distress in the parish. Read your memorandum, Humphrey.

Dob. The first thing in the list this morning is, Jonathan Higgins is put into prison by old Gripe, the Jew.

Sir Rob. Why it was but last week he recovered two cottages by law, worth sixty pounds.

Dob. Very true, he did so ; but it was afterwards found that old Scrouge, the usurer, had a lien upon them for fifty pounds, and he has taken possession.

Sir Rob. What! has that old harpy got his fangs upon him? Well, I will see to that. I must relieve the poor fellow's distress. Read on. What next?

Dob. The curate's horse is dead.

Sir Rob. Pshaw! there is no distress in that.

Dob. Yes there is to a man who must go thirty miles, every Sunday, to preach three sermons for thirty pounds a year.

Sir Rob. What is the name of that black pad that I purchased last Tuesday, at Tunbridge?

Dob. Ethiope.

Sir Rob. Send Ethiope to the curate, and tell him to work the nag as long as he lives. Send a good saddle and bridle too. Read on. What else?

Dob. Somewhat out of the common. There is one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village. He is poor, it seems, but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fred. That sounds like a noble character.

Sir Rob. And so he sends to me for assistance?

Dob. He would see you hanged first! Harrowby says, the lieutenant would sooner die than ask any man for a shilling. There are his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal. He keeps them all on half pay.

Sir Rob. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. Good morning, uncle.

Sir Rob. Where are you running to now?

Fred. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir Rob. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fred. I can't tell till I encounter him ; and then, uncle, when I have by the hand one who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, and a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

Sir Rob. Stop, you rogue. I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run the fastest. So, start fair, uncle. Here goes!

Sir Rob. Stop! Why, Frederic! A jack-anapes, to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog, for his assurance.

Dob. No, you won't.

Sir Rob. Won't I? But I——we will argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey.

JEALOUSY.

ONCE a white rosebud reared her head,
And peevishly to Flora said,
"Look at my sister's blushing hue;
Pray, mother, let me have it too."
"Nay, child," was Flora's mild reply,
"Be thankful for such gifts as I
Have deemed befitting to dispense —
Thy dower, the hue of innocence."
The rose still grumbled and complained;
Her mother's bounties still disdained.
"Well, then," said angered Flora, "take" —
She breathed upon her as she spake —
"Henceforth, no more in simple vest
Of innocence shalt thou be drest;

Take that which better suits thy mind,
The hue for jealousy designed!"
The yellow rose has, from that hour,
Borne evidence of envy's power.

THE CRICKET A MUSICIAN.

1. WITH the cricket, I suppose all my young readers are well acquainted. He is a citizen of almost every place, and is well spoken of and respected by almost every body. Indeed, he is a general favorite, both in summer and winter, among the old and the young.

2. In summer, he takes to the fields, and amuses himself with a country life. Then beneath hedges, in stone walls, and under stumps, he is as happy as the day is long. In winter, he betakes himself to more secure and warmer quarters.

3. In this inclement season, he loves to creep in about fireplaces and under hearth stones; and in the long winter evenings, when the storm is raging without, or the cold is so severe as almost to nip your nose and fingers off, he will keep up his music by the hour together. He then "takes no note of time," and sometimes sits up all night "as merry as a cricket."

4. But though my young readers have seen the cricket, and listened to his music so often, I very much doubt whether half of them can tell how he makes it. People generally speak of the cricket's *singing*; though I should prefer to use the word *chirping*.

5. It is not commonly known whether his music is *vocal* or *instrumental*; and though the matter is not very important, it is still pleasant and interest-

ing to be acquainted with the facts in the case. So if there be no objection, I will give you a little narrative, which will illustrate the subject.

6. Many years ago, when I was not larger than some of the little boys now reading this article, my attention was one day attracted, in crossing a field, by the loud, shrill music of a cricket, at no great distance from me. There were many others as merry as he, around me; but the music of the one of which I speak, surpassed all the rest.

7. He obviously stood preëminent in his art, and I thought him a professor. I was delighted to hear him, but was at the same time seized with an unaccountable desire to see him perform. I was curious to know how a little cricket could make so much noise, and make it so constantly.

8. I resolved, therefore, if the thing were possible, to have a sight of him, and get at his secret. In carrying this resolution into effect, I took two or three steps towards the place, where I judged him to be, in the immediate vicinity of a half-rotted stump. But my musician was not fond of human auditors, and ceased at once.

9. This showed me that, with all his skill and excellence, he was also modest. He was not a public professor, but only an *amateur*, who *played* or *sung* (for this matter was not yet decided) for the gratification of private circles, and did not wish to appear in public.

10. I waited patiently for several minutes, without stirring a foot, or even breathing aloud. At last my musician commenced again. This time I was more cautious, and succeeded in getting two or three yards nearer to him, when suddenly he stopped again. But I was not to be overcome by difficulties, or worn out by delays.

11. I had the whole afternoon before me, and determined to gratify my curiosity. I therefore

waited again, and, this time, longer than before. Finally, however, my amateur struck up again, though at first very faintly, with two or three *chirps*, and, after intermitting them for a moment, he began again.

12. But presently his fear fled, and his music was as loud and cheery as ever. Lest I should disturb him too much, and defeat my object, I now carefully placed myself upon my hands and knees, and crept along with the stealthiness of a cat.

13. But with all my care, Master Cricket seemed to be aware of my approach, and occasioned me no little delay. It was the work of half an hour or more, to reach his princely hall—the old stump before named. By this time I was lying flat upon the ground, peering about under this root and that, to see my musician.

14. He was still; but I felt that I should know him, if my eye could but rest upon him. At last, I spied him. He was sitting under a broad root, where neither wind nor rain was likely to annoy him, and seemed to be the very impersonation of good livers. He was fat as an alderman.

15. His coat was black and sleek, and he wore an air of content and self-satisfaction. O, he was a beauty of a cricket—a real gentleman in his way. Whether he felt any interest in me or not, I am unable to say.

THE SAME.—CONTINUED.

1. I was but a poor boy, in a tow shirt and trousers, with a sunburnt face, and nothing that deserved attention about me, but a pair of rather large and good-natured gray eyes, which, at that moment, were particularly engaged in examining his honor, my amateur cricket.

2. Suddenly he turned partly round, as if half satisfied with me, and gave two or three rapid chirps; but instead of gratifying, they tended only to increase my curiosity. He did not open his mouth like other singers; and although he made some fluttering, I could perceive no instrument of music in his possession.

3. I resolved, therefore, to lie still, and wait further opportunities. Nor did I have to wait long. Having now become a little familiar with me, and his first flush of bashfulness having passed over, he began, in perfect self-composure, one of the most astonishing performances I ever saw. Jubal and all his sons were nothing to this one cricket!

4. I saw, in a minute, that all that had ever been said of crickets' *singing*, was the result of mere ignorance. Such persons had never seen a cricket making music. It was no *vocal* performance, but purely *instrumental*.

5. Those who have examined crickets, are aware that they have two sets of wings. The outer ones are black and thick, covering the whole back, while the inner ones resemble a fine and delicately-formed gauze. They are very slender in appearance, but their texture is exceedingly strong.

6. They serve as a kind of violin, on which Master Cricket plays. Nor is his bow less ingenious than his fiddle. You have, undoubtedly, observed the two long, sharply-angled hind legs, so useful to our amateur musician for hopping.

7. A single spring upon them will send him heels over head, three or four feet; that is, if he be not too fat. Well, the lower part of these, I mean below the gambrel or knee, is very curiously made. It is what is called *serrated* behind; that is, it is filled with a kind of teeth, like a saw.

8. You may see them with the naked eye, and they are very perceptible to the finger. This is

Master Cricket's fiddlestick. Thus you perceive he is doubly armed—two wings and two legs, or, speaking professionally, two fiddles and two fiddle bows.

9. And now for the music. First, he raises and partly spreads his dark, outer wings, so as to admit the extension of the inner ones. These are then spread laterally and backwards, when, with the velocity of lightning, our amateur draws his hind legs, or his fiddle bows, across these wings, touching their surface with the little saw teeth before named. And thus he makes his music!

10. To me, boy as I was, it was a great wonder. Ole Bull could not have pleased me half so well. I lay there and watched him a long while, and was more and more pleased with the performance.

11. At last, when my curiosity was gratified, and I had grown tired of lying on the ground, I picked up my old cap, and thanking Master Cricket for the entertainment he had afforded me, bade him "good day," and returned to tell my mother and all my playmates that crickets do *not sing*, and to describe their method of making music.

12. This is an instance—a trifling one it may seem to some—of the fruits of *observation*. We are surrounded in the world by objects, animate and inanimate, which are very worthy of our attention and study.

13. If children will *learn to observe*, they will never be at a loss for pleasant and profitable employment. Every day will add something to their stock of knowledge. Another remark: What we see and examine ourselves, is generally much better understood, than it can be from any mere description.

14. The child who is anxious to see every thing himself, and who will submit to some little inconveniences, in order to gratify a laudable curiosity,

will know more, and know it better, than the best scholar who relies for every thing on books.

WHITTLING — A YANKEE PORTRAIT.

1. THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket knife, to the young whittler, brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
2. Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
His elder popgun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers
 stanch,
And waiting, near the wash tub, for a launch.
3. Thus, by his genius and his jack knife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;

Make any gimcrack musical or mute,
 A plough, a couch, an organ, or a flute;
 Make you a locomotive or a clock,
 Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
 Or lead forth beauty from a marble block —
 Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,
 From a child's rattle to a seventy-four.
 Make it, said I? Ay, when he undertakes it,
 He'll make the thing and the machine that
 makes it.

4. And when the thing is made, whether it be
 To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
 Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
 Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,
 Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood, or brass,
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass.

THE WORTH OF A THOUGHT.

1. I HAVE something to tell you, before I commence this recitation. I think it best to say it now, because I have observed on some of your faces an expression, that I have learned to consider the indication of a neglected lesson.

2. One of your number obtained possession, last evening, of something new — so entirely new, that it had never been an object of her ambition or desire. Besides this, she would not be willing to part with it for any thing you could offer her.

3. I have no objection that you should puzzle yourselves a little, as to what this acquisition could

have been. Some of you may already have imagined it to be some rich article of dress. Others may conjecture it to be something ornamental—a bracelet—a gold chain—a diamond ring. But it is none of these. It is no gewgaw—no bauble—no trifle. I shall probably disappoint you all, when I say it was—a—THOUGHT.

4. Nay, now, no scorn—no expression of surprise! The power and worth of a single thought may be invaluable. Reserve your decision until I inform you, what this *thought* was.

5. Our friend is naturally industrious, and she has been taught the value of time; and she considers riches, luxuries, and worldly comforts the great objects of attention, and the rewards promised to active labor.

6. She could work very assiduously to finish a drawing, or to copy a pattern for an ottoman cover; for when they were done, they would be tangible objects of value. They would adorn her apartment at home; she could see them, and show them to her friends.

7. But she cannot study a lesson. She has no motive. There is no reward in the end; and consequently there is nothing to excite or to interest her. Now, this feeling is not peculiar to her. It is not an uncommon one.

8. There are hundreds of families where you will see neatness, order, and vast accumulations of wealth, with whom, if education is attended to at all, it is for the sake of being fashionable. A cultivated mind is considered of little value, if it cannot be used to obtain wealth.

9. It was under the influence of the feeling, that labor was profitable, and that study had no reward, that our friend threw down her book which contained her lesson, and growing restless soon after, for the want of something to do, took up an old

odd volume, and began to read an account of a very singular country and people.

10. Each individual was furnished with a habitation, and time was allowed him, above what was necessary to provide abundantly for all his wants, to adorn and furnish it as much as he chose.

11. Some, of course, were too indolent to do any thing; and the dwelling which they had received remained unfurnished and comfortless, as at the first. Others were contented to do but very little; while others, again, labored incessantly to procure what was inconvenient and useless.

12. Some, oddly enough, filled but one apartment to overflowing; and some, whose labor was well directed and unremitting, collected and arranged all that was useful and ornamental.

13. The halls were filled with beautiful creations of the pencil, and the most exquisite specimens of sculpture.

14. The drawing rooms were festooned with the most costly drapery. Magnificent vases were filled with fadeless flowers, diffusing the most delicious perfumes. Mirrors were arranged, that gave back not merely the features, but the thoughts and the intents of the heart.

15. The alcoves were furnished with couches so luxurious, that to repose on them was not only rest, but to be at peace; and within these apartments, strains of harmony from unseen instruments, floated continually.

16. Our friend was too literal in her feelings to perceive, as a more experienced reader very soon would have done, that the story was an allegory. The country represented the world we live in; the people, human beings universally; the habitations, the minds that God has given us; and the fitting up may be considered a rude, but rather an ingenious illustration of the degrees of knowledge and

virtue, to which different individuals attain in this life.

17. It is probable, however, that the piece made a deeper impression upon her than it would have done, had she understood its figurative import at first; for I have seldom seen a countenance express more than hers did, when she said to me, a few minutes after she had finished it, "I have learned something to-night."

18. "I never thought before, that it was necessary to work in order to be wise and good, as it is to be rich. And I am sure, that if our minds can be furnished with so much elegance by our own exertions, it is certainly worth as much labor, as it is to furnish the houses we live in."

19. Here, then, you will perceive that the mind of our young friend was presented under a similitude, which impressed upon her the truth, that her own well-directed efforts would be able to fill it with stores of useful knowledge, and the graces of refined feeling.

20. She resolved to make these efforts; and, if she perseveres, how much of the happiness of her future life will she owe to a THOUGHT!

THE CRITIC.

TRANSLATED BY EPES SARGENT.

1. ONCE on a time, the nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear.
Of course, her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake.

She sang as only nightingales can sing ;
 And when she'd ended,
 There was a general cry of " Bravo ! splendid ! "
 While she, poor thing,
 Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
 Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
 The turkeys gobbled their delight ; the geese,
 Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
 Gave this one no denial :
 It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

2. But 'mong the critics on the ground,
 An ass was present, pompous and profound,
 Who said, " My friends, I'll not dispute the
 honor

That you would do our little prima donna.
 Although her upper notes are very shrill,
 And she defies all method in her trill,
 She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
 With study, may some cleverness attain.
 Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul ;
 But — but — "

" But " — growled the lion, " by my mane,
 I never knew an ass, who did not strain
 To qualify a good thing with a but ! "
 " Nay," said the goose, approaching with a strut,
 " Don't interrupt him, sir ; pray let it pass ;
 The ass is honest, if he is an ass ! "

3. " I was about," said Long Ear, " to remark,
 That there is something lacking in her whistle ;
 Something magnetic,
 To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,
 And kindle in the breast a spark
 Like — like, for instance, a good juicy thistle."

4. The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity,
 Said, at the lion winking,

- "Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion without shrinking;
But, to do justice to the nightingale,
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 'tis, that does not fail
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill."
5. "Why," said the critic, with a look potential,
And pricking up his ears, delighted much
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential, —
"Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry *me* away
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray."
6. "I thought so," said the fox, without a pause;
"As far as you're concerned, your judgment's
true;
You do not like the nightingale, because
The nightingale is not an ass like you!"

THE EAGLE CATCHING A SALMON.

1. I HAVE often been struck with the singular attachment hunters sometimes have for some bird, or animal, while all the rest of the species they pursue with deadly hostility.
2. On the shore of the Raquette, a small lake in the Adirondack region, in the State of New York, lived my friend Beach. About five hundred yards from his hut stands a lofty pine tree, on which a gray eagle had built its nest annually, during the nine years he has lived on this spot.
3. The Indian who dwelt here before him, says that the same pair of birds made their nest on that tree for ten years previous — making, in all, nine-

teen years they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch.

4. It is possible, however, that the young have taken the place of their parents. At all events, Beach believes them to be the same old dwellers, and hence regards them as squatters like himself, and entitled to equal privileges.

5. From his cabin door he can see them in sunshine and in storm, quietly perched on the tall pine, or wildly cradled, as the mighty fabric bends and sways to the blast. He has become attached to them, and hence requests every one who visits him not to touch them.

6. I verily believe, he would like to shoot the man who should harm one of their feathers. They are his companions in that solitude, proud occupants of the same wild home, and hence bound together by a link it would be hard to define, and yet which is strong as steel.

7. If that pine tree should fall, and those eagles move away to some other lake, he would feel as if he had lost a friend, and the solitude would become doubly dreary.

8. He, however, one day came near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favorite bird high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface.

9. For an hour or more, he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and hovered a moment, with an excited gesture; then, rapid as a flash of light, and with a rush of his broad pinions, like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake.

10. He had seen a large salmon trout near the surface, and, plunging from his high watch tower, drove his talons deep into his victim's back. So

rapid and strong was his swoop, that he buried himself out of sight when he struck; but the next moment he merged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavored to rise with his prey.

11. But this time he had miscalculated his strength; in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive and took the eagle out of sight, and was gone half a minute.

12. Again they arose to the surface, and the strong bird spread his broad, dripping pinions, and gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water.

13. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sunk again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down. This time they were absent more than half a minute, and Beach said, he thought it was all over with his bird.

14. He, however, soon reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless foe on his back.

15. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up; and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined.

16. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the report.

17. At last, the bird, thinking, as they say "West," that he had "waked up the wrong passenger," and loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly

away to his lofty pine tree, where he sat for a long time, sullen and sulky — the picture of disappointed ambition.

18. Beach said, that he could easily have captured them, but he thought he would see the fight out. When, however, they both staid under half a minute or more, he concluded he should never see his eagle again.

19. Whether the latter in his rage was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold, though at the hazard of his life, or whether, in his terrible swoop, he had struck his crooked talons so deep into the back of the salmon that he could not extricate himself, the hunter could not tell.

20. The latter, however, was doubtless the case, and he would have been glad to have let go long before he did. The old fellow probably spent the afternoon in studying avoirdupois weight, and ever after that tried his tackle on smaller fish. As for the poor salmon, if he survived the severe laceration, he doubtless never fully understood the operation he had gone through.

THE MAGPIE AND THE MONKEY.

1. "DEAR madam, I pray," quoth a magpie, one day,
To a monkey, who happened to come in her way,
"If you'll but come with me
To my snug little home in the trunk of a tree,
I'll show you such treasures of art and vertu,
Such articles, old, mediæval, and new,
As a lady of taste and discernment like you,
Will be equally pleased and astonished to view."

2. The monkey agreed at once to proceed;
And, hopping along at the top of her speed,
To keep up with the guide, who flew by her
side,

As eager to show, as the other to see,

Presently came to the old oak tree.

Then, from a hole, the magpie drew

The things she wished the monkey to view:

A buckle of brass, some bits of glass,

A ribbon dropped by a gypsy lass;

A tattered handkerchief edged with lace,

The hilt of a knife, and a toothpick case;

Half a cigar, the neck of a jar,

A couple of pegs from a cracked guitar,

Beads, buttons, and rings, and other odd things.

3. At last, having gone, one by one, through the
whole,

And carefully packed them again in the hole,

Alarmed at the pause, and not without caws,

The magpie looked anxiously down for ap-
plause.

The monkey, meanwhile, with a shrug and a
smile,

Having silently eyed the contents of the pile,

And found them, in fact, one and all, very vile,

Resolved to depart; and was making a start,

When, observing the movement, with rage and
dismay,

The magpie addressed her, and pressed her to
stay:

"What, sister, I pray, have you nothing to say,

In return for the sight that I've shown you
to-day?

Not a syllable — hey? I'm surprised — well I
may —

That so fine a collection, with nothing to part

Should be treated in such a contemptuous

4. At length, when the magpie had ceased to revile,
The monkey replied, with a cynical smile:

"Well, ma'am, since my silence offends you,"
said she,

"I'll frankly confess that such trifles possess,
Though much to your taste, no attraction for me.
I'd not stir an inch, nor pound about go,
One moment to pick up such vile farrago.

Dear madam, you collect mere rubbish and rags;
Why not gather for use, and replenish your bags
With things that are really a comfort and
blessing,

And reserve, if you need them, for future sub-
sistence,

In order to lengthen and sweeten existence,"

5. The monkey's reply — for I must, if I'm able,
Elicit some practical hint from the fable —
Suited the magpie, and suits just as well any
Quarterly, monthly, or weekly miscellany,
Whose contents exhibit so often a hash,
Oddly compounded, of all kinds of trash,
That no wonder editors, who have to select them
To suit public taste, would gladly reject them.

MACDONALD'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

1. IMAGINE an awful defile, leading up to the
height of six thousand five hundred feet towards
heaven; in summer a mere bridle path, and in win-
ter a mass of avalanches. The road follows the
Rhine, here a mere rivulet, which has cut its chan-
nel deep in the mountains, that rise frequently to
the height of three thousand feet above it.

Along the cliffs that overhang this torrent, the

path is cut in, the solid rock; now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a single arch over the gorge, that sinks three hundred feet below. Silent snow peaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while dark cliffs lean out on every side over the abyss.

3. This mere path crosses and re-crosses the gorge, and often so high above it, that the roar of the mad torrent below can scarcely be heard; and finally it strikes off on the bare face of the mountain, and leads up to the summit. But in winter, this same gorge is swept by a hurricane of snow, and is filled with the awful sound of falling avalanches, blending their heavy shock with the dull roar of the giant pines, that wave along the precipices.

4. Rocks, rising in huge masses straight up into heaven; pinnacles, shooting like church spires above the clouds; gloomy ravines, where the thunder clouds burst, and the torrent raves; still glaciers, and solemn snow fields, and leaping avalanches, combine to render the Alpine gorge one of the most terrific things in nature.

5. Added to all this, you feel so small amid the mighty forms that tower away on every side around you, — so utterly helpless and worthless amid these great exhibitions of God's power, — that the heart is often entirely overwhelmed with the feelings, that struggle in vain for utterance.

6. Over such a pass was Macdonald ordered by Napoleon to march his army. It was the latter part of November; and the frequent storms had covered the entire Alps, pass and all, in one mass of yielding snow. The cannon were placed on sleds, to be drawn by oxen.

7. The ammunition was divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provision. Guides went in advance,

and stuck down long black poles to mark the path beneath, while behind them came the workmen to clear away the snows, and mounted dragoons to beat down the track.

8. The pass is about fifteen miles in length; and the advance company had, after the most exhausting effort, made nearly half of it, and were toiling up the summit, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides knew too well its meaning, and gazed on each other with alarm.

9. The ominous sound grew louder and louder every moment; and suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept along, whirling clouds of snow over the mountain, and howling through the gorge below. In an instant, all was blindness and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out; and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest.

10. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard. "An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides; and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and, striking the column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses with it in its wild plunge.

11. The black form of a steed and its rider, was seen suspended for a moment in mid heavens, in a cloud of snow; and the next moment they fell among the ice and rocks below, and were crushed out of the very form of humanity. The head of the column reached the summit in safety.

12. The other part, struck dumb by this sudden apparition, crossing their path with such lightning-like velocity, bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back.

13. For three days the storm raged amid the Alps, hurling avalanches into the path, till it be-

came so filled up, that the guides declared it would take fifteen days, to open it so as to make it at all passable.

14. But fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Besides the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these Alpine solitudes, and he must proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found, to be led in advance by the best guides.

15. Forty peasants followed, clearing away the snow; and two companies of sappers came after to beat the track. Scarcely had they begun, when one of the noble oxen slipped from the precipice, and his huge frame went bounding from point to point of the jagged rocks, to the deep, dark torrent below.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. It was a strange sight for a wintry day. Those three oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, looking like mere specks on the mountain; while the soldiers, up to their breasts, struggled behind.

2. Not a drum or bugle note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those savage peaks. The footfall gave back no sound. Silently and noiselessly, the mighty column toiled forward.

3. Now and then, a fearful cry startled the eagle on his circuit, as a whole company slipped together, and, with their muskets in their hands, fell into the deep gorge that yawned hundreds of feet below their path. It was a wild sight—the plunge of a steed and his rider over the precipice.

4. One noble horse slipped while his rider dis-

mounted ; and as he hung for a moment suspended in mid heaven, he uttered one of those fearful, blood-freezing cries, which the wounded war horse sometimes gives forth on the field of battle.

5. The roar of the lion after his prey, or the midnight howl of the wolf that has missed his evening repast of blood, is a gentle sound, compared to it. Once heard, it lives in the memory and brain forever. The second and third columns ascended in safety, the weather being clear and frosty ; though many died of cold.

6. Their success encouraged Macdonald to march the whole remaining army over at once ; and, placing himself at their head, he commenced the ascent. But fresh snow had fallen the night before, covering up the entire path, so that the road had all to be made over again.

7. They had not advanced far in the defile, before they came upon a huge block of ice and a newly-fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the path. The guides halted and refused to go on ; and the first that Macdonald knew, his army had turned to the right-about-face, and were marching down the mountain, declaring the passage to be closed.

8. At the head of the column, with a long pole in his hand, to sound the depth of the treacherous mass he was treading upon, he cheered up his men. "Soldiers," said he, "your destinies call you into Italy. Advance and conquer — first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the armies."

9. But they had scarcely overcome this obstacle, when the voice of the hurricane on its march was again heard ; and the next moment, a cloud of driving snow took every thing from their view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away. Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life.

10. The foe they had to contend with was an

outward one, though not of flesh and blood. On the serried column and the straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power. Over the long black line of soldiers, the snow lay like a winding sheet, and the dirge seemed already chanted for the dead.

11. No one, who has not seen an Alpine storm, can imagine the reckless energy, with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, was whirled and scattered, like an ocean of mist, over all things. The drifts were piled like second mountains, and seemed to form at once, as by the touch of a magician's wand.

12. The blinding fury of the tempest, baffled all efforts to pierce the mystery and darkness that enveloped the host, clinging in despair to the breast of the mountain. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no answering note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle fields, stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe.

13. Crowding together as if proximity added to their security, the mighty column crouched and shivered in the blast, that pierced their very bones with its chilling power. But the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raving tempests, and concealed pitfalls, leading to untrodden abysses, did not complete the scene of terror.

14. Suddenly from the summit, scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap, came the avalanches, with a crash, on the shivering column, and bore it away. Still, with undaunted front and unyielding will, the bold Macdonald struggled on, inspiring by example his officers and men.

15. Prodigies were wrought, where effort seemed useless. The first avalanche, as it smote through the column, paralyzed for a moment every heart with fear; but those behind closed up the rent with unflinching courage. Hesitation was death. The only hope was in advancing.

16. Once, as an avalanche cut through the ranks, bearing them away to the abyss, a young man was seen, as he disappeared over the crag, to wave an adieu to his comrade left behind.

17. The surviving companion stepped into the path where it had swept, but at that instant a laggard block of ice came thundering down, and bore him away to join his comrade in the gulf, where his crushed form still lay throbbing.

18. This passage over the Alps, by an army of fifteen thousand men, in the dead of winter, and amid hurricanes of snow and falling avalanches, stands unrivalled in the history of the world. A less energetic, indomitable man would have failed.

THE BUILDERS.

1. ALL are architects of fate;
Working in the walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
2. Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.
3. For the structures that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
4. Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gap between;

Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

5. Build *to-day*, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure,
Shall *to-morrow* find its place.

6. Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

UNCLE TIM'S METAPHYSICS.

1. "*That that is, is.*" Most people in happy ignorance indulge in this belief. But, strange to say, an introduction to pen and ink, may reverse this opinion. No sooner do we begin to study metaphysics, than we find how egregiously we have been mistaken.

2. The science of metaphysics is highly useful for this, if for no other reason, because it teaches people what sheer nobodies they are. The only objection is, they are not disposed to lay this truth sufficiently to heart, but continue to give themselves airs, just as if some folks were really some folks.

3. The most venerable personage in Pumpkinville, where I lived in my youth, was one of the metaphysical doctors of the old school, who could cavil upon the ninth part of a hair about *entities* and *quaddities*. I remember a conversation at my grandfather's, in which the doctor had some difficulty in making his metaphysics all "as clear as preaching."

4. Something was under discussion, and my grandfather could make nothing of it; but the doctor said it was "metaphysically true."

5. "Pray, doctor," said uncle Tim, "tell me something about metaphysics; I have often heard of that science, but never for my life could find out what it was."

"Metaphysics," said the doctor, "is the science of abstractions."

6. "I am no wiser for that explanation," said uncle Tim.

"It treats," said the doctor, "of matters most profound and sublime, a little difficult perhaps for a common intellect or an unschooled capacity to fathom, but not the less important, on that account, to all living beings."

7. "What does it teach?" asked the schoolmaster.

"It is not applied so much to the operation of teaching," answered the doctor, "as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is, whether things are, or whether they are not."

8. "I don't understand the question," said uncle Tim, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"For example, whether this earth on which we tread," said the doctor, giving a heavy stamp on the floor, and setting his foot slap on the cat's tail, — "whether this earth does really exist, or whether it does not exist."

9. "That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," said my grandfather.

"Especially," added the schoolmaster, "to the holders of real estate."

"Now, the earth," continued the doctor, "may exist —"

10. "Who ever doubted that?" asked uncle Tim.

"A great many men," said the doctor, "and some very learned ones."

Uncle Tim stared a moment, and then began to fill up his pipe, whistling the tune of "High Betty Martin," while the doctor went on.

11. "The earth, I say, may exist, although Bishop Berkeley has proved, beyond all possible gainsaying or denial, that it does not exist. He has made his case clear; the only difficulty is, to know whether we shall believe it or not."

12. "And how," asked uncle Tim, "is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," answered the doctor.

"Ay," interrupted Malachi, our hired man, "there is nothing equal to the spade and pickaxe."

13. "That is true," said my grandfather, going on in Malachi's way; "'tis by digging for the foundation, that we shall find out whether the world exists or not; for if we dig to the bottom of the earth and find a foundation, why, then we are sure of it. But if we find no foundation, it is clear that the world stands upon nothing, or, in other words, that it does not stand at all; therefore, it stands to reason ——"

14. "I beg your pardon," interrupted the doctor, "but you totally mistake me; I use the word *digging* metaphorically, meaning the profoundest cogitation and research into the nature of things. That is the way in which we may ascertain whether things are, or whether they are not."

15. "But if a man can't believe his eyes," said uncle Tim, "what signifies talking about it?"

"Our eyes," said the doctor, "are nothing but the inlets of sensation; and when we see a thing, all we are aware of is, that we have a sensation of it; we are not sure that the thing exists. We are sure of nothing that we see with our eyes."

16. "Not without spectacles," said aunt Judy, who could knit good stockings, but could not syllogize.

"Plato, for instance," continued the doctor, "maintains that the sensation of any object, is produced by a perpetual succession of copies, images, or counterfeits, streaming off from the object to the organs of sensation. Descartes, too, has explained the matter upon the principle of 'whirligigs.'"

17. "But does not the world exist?" asked the schoolmaster.

"A good deal may be said upon both sides," replied the doctor, "though the ablest heads are for non-existence."

18. "In common cases," said uncle Tim, "those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads."

"But in metaphysics," said the doctor, "the case is different."

19. "Now all this is *hocus pocus* to me" said aunt Judy, suspending her knitting work; "I don't understand a bit more of the business than I did at first."

20. "I'll be bound, there is many a learned professor," said uncle Tim, "who could say the same, after spinning a long yarn of metaphysics."

21. The doctor did not admire this gibe at his favorite science. "That is as the case may be," said he; "this thing or that thing may be dubious; but what then? Doubt is the beginning of wisdom."

22. "No doubt of that," said my grandfather, beginning to poke the fire; "but when a man has got through his doubting, what does he begin to build upon in the metaphysical way?"

"Why, he begins by taking something for granted," said the doctor.

"But is that a sure way of going to work?"

23. "It is the only thing he can do," replied the doctor, after a pause, and rubbing his forehead, as if he was not altogether satisfied that his foundation was a solid one. My grandfather might have posed

him with another question, but he poked the fire and let him go on.

24. "Metaphysics, to speak exactly ——"

"Ah!" interrupted the schoolmaster, "bring it down to vulgar fractions, and then we shall understand it."

25. "'Tis the consideration of immateriality, or the mere spirit and essence of things."

"Come, come," said aunt Judy, taking a pinch of snuff, "now I see into it."

26. "Thus, man is considered," continued the doctor, "not in his corporeality, but in his essence or capability of being; for a man metaphysically, hath two natures, that of spirituality and that of corporeality, which may be considered separate."

"What man?" asked uncle Tim.

27. "Why, any man; Malachi there, for example; I may consider him as Malachi spiritual or Malachi corporeal."

"That is true," said Malachi, "for when I was in the militia, they made me a sixteenth corporal, and I carried grog to the drummer."

28. "That is another affair," said the doctor, in continuation; "we speak of man in his essence; we speak also of the essence of locality, the essence of duration ——"

"And essence of peppermint," said aunt Judy.

29. "Poh!" said the doctor; "the essence I mean is quite a different concern."

"Something too fine to be dribbled through the worm of a still," said my grandfather.

"Then I am all in the dark again," rejoined aunt Judy.

30. "By the spirit and essence of things, I mean things in the abstract," said the doctor.

"And what becomes of a thing when it gets into the abstract?" asked uncle Tim.

"Why, it becomes an abstraction."

"There we are again," said uncle Tim; "but what is an abstraction?"

31. "It is a thing," continued the doctor, "that cannot be felt, seen, heard, smelt, or tasted; it has no substance, nor solidity; it is neither large nor small, hot nor cold, long nor short."

"Then, what is the long and short of it?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Abstraction," replied the doctor.

32. "Suppose, for instance," said Malachi, "that I had a pitchfork ——"

"Ay," said the doctor, "consider a pitchfork in general; that is, neither this one, nor that one, nor any particular one, but a pitchfork or pitchforks divested of their materialty — these are things in the abstract."

33. "They are things in the haymow," said Malachi.

"Pray," said uncle Tim, "have there been many such things discovered?"

34. "Discovered!" returned the doctor; "why, all things, whether in heaven or upon the earth, or in the waters under the earth, whether small or great, visible or invisible, animate or inanimate; whatever the eye can see, or the ear can hear, or the nose can smell, or the fingers touch; finally, whatever exists or is imaginable, past, present, or to come, — all may be abstractions."

35. "Indeed!" said uncle Tim; "pray, what do you make of the abstraction of a red cow?"

"A red cow," said the doctor, "considered metaphysically, or as an abstraction, is an animal possessing neither hide nor horns, bones nor flesh, but is the mere type, image, and fantastical semblance of these parts of a quadruped. It has a shape without any substance, and no color at all, for its redness is the mere counterfeit or imagination of such.

36. "As it lacks the positive, so is it also deficient in the accidental properties of all the animals of its tribe; for it has no locomotion, stability, or endurance, neither goes to pasture, gives milk, chews the cud, nor performs any other function of a horned beast, but is a mere creature of the brain, a freak of the fancy, a conceit of the imagination."

37. "An abstract cow, indeed!" exclaimed aunt Judy. "All the metaphysics under the sun would not make a pound of butter."

"That is a fact!" said uncle Tim.

MORAL WORTH.

1. To learn what is right and what is wrong, to choose the good and avoid the evil, to strive after perfection in all that is pure, good, and lovely, should be the highest aim of our lives.

2. God looks at the heart, and understands our feelings and intentions. He witnesses our efforts to do right, or our readiness to yield to evil, and in his sight, true goodness is more estimable than any thing else. It is this which causes him to look upon us with an approving smile, and this alone which decides in regard to our happiness in a world to come.

3. We are loved and approved by the good in this world, just in proportion as we strive to do right and to be good ourselves. In the lines which follow, the poet Cowper beautifully contrasts the moral worth of a poor ignorant lace weaver, with the great intellectual distinction of the poet and philosopher Voltaire:—

4. Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillows and bobbins all her little store;

Content, though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding and no wit, —

5. Receives no praise, but though her lot be such,
 Toilsome and indigent, she renders much;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true, —
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew, —
 And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
6. O, happy peasant! O, unhappy bard!
 His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward;
 He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
 She, never heard of half a mile from home;
 He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

I'M JUST AS SURE AS CAN BE. 

1. WHENEVER any one doubted the extent or accuracy of Harry Hilton's information, he always said, "I'm just as sure as can be." This habit of being so positive often led him into difficulty.

2. One Saturday afternoon, he sat at his father's writing desk, preparing a composition. His teacher was very critical and extremely particular. If any of his pupils made a mistake in spelling, in punctuation, in the use of capitals, or even in regard to dates, he reproved them severely, saying, that such blundering was the result of carelessness, which he could not overlook.

3. "It is the twenty-fifth, mother — is it not?" asked Harry.

"I think not, my dear. There is the almanac in the desk; you had better look."

4. "O, no, mother, I am quite certain I am right; and indeed, now I think of it, I am just as sure as can be; for don't you know, we went to the missionary lecture last Tuesday evening, and that was the twenty-first?"

5. Harry handed in his composition on Wednesday, and on Thursday he was surprised to hear his teacher say to him, "Harry, step this way."

6. Harry walked up to the desk: the teacher, fixing on him a look of disapprobation, said, "Have I not expressly forbidden my pupils to write on the Sabbath?"

"Yes, sir."

7. "On what day did you prepare your last composition?"

"On Saturday, sir."

"It was dated on the twenty-fifth, which was the Sabbath."

8. "Why, Master Thirlow, I did write it on Saturday. I thought that Saturday was the twenty-fifth. Mother said I was mistaken, but I did not look in the almanac, because I was just as sure as could be."

9. "I have cautioned you before against such mistakes. Take this composition, write a new one, date it correctly, and bring it in to-morrow morning."

10. When Harry returned home, he found that his parents had gone to spend the afternoon with a friend, and had left permission for him to follow them in the evening.

11. "How provoking!" said Harry, "that I have got that old composition to write. I wish I had looked when mother told me. Well, I don't care; I will go, for all that."

"You had better write first," said his sister.

12. "No, I shall not; I shall leave it till I come back."

"You may not have time."

"O, yes, I shall; I'm just as sure as can be."

13. Harry staid so late, that when he returned he could not finish his composition; and when he appeared in school, next morning, without it, his only excuse was, "I thought I should have time, sir; I was just as sure as could be."

14. Mr. Thirlow, his teacher, directed him to write another composition, at the same time saying, "Take for your subject the expression, 'I WAS JUST AS SURE AS COULD BE.'"

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. HARRY, on this occasion, was much mortified, and determined not to trust so confidently in his own opinions; but still "I'M JUST AS SURE AS CAN BE" again got the ascendancy over him, and subjected him to a grievous disappointment. It happened in this way.

2. His uncle Williams, who resided in the next town, had a large garden, filled with delicious fruit. Every autumn, when it was ripe, he was accustomed to invite a large party of his friends with their children, to partake of it. To this Harry always looked forward with delight.

3. The meeting was to be much more attractive, than on any previous occasion. A distinguished traveller had arrived in the village; and he was invited to be present and relate his adventures.

4. Mr. Williams, having completed his arrangements for a brilliant display, sent invitations to all

his acquaintances. Harry heard the servant when he delivered his hasty message, and was quite overjoyed.

5. He ran to his mother, and exclaimed, "O, delightful! Uncle Williams has sent for us; and only think of it, the great Mr. T—— is to be there, and give us an account of his travels."

6. "Harry," said his father, "you cannot go to your uncle's, unless you write the exercises your teacher gave your class. Remember and finish them in time."

7. Several hours passed away; and as Harry was playing with his ball, his mother reminded him that he must be industrious, if he would complete his task in season to go on Wednesday afternoon.

8. "Thursday is the day, mother," said Harry.

"No, my son."

"But I am quite sure, mother—as sure as can be; for I heard the message my own self."

9. "Very well, my dear."

Harry's mother knew that he was wrong; but she thought, that he ought to be broken of this positive manner, and therefore said no more.

10. Harry did not commence his exercises till Wednesday noon. He had been engaged about an hour, when he was called to his father's study. He took his paper, intending to ask for some assistance, and gayly opened the door; but his cheerfulness vanished when his father said, "Well, my son, I suppose you have finished your exercises. If so, you may go and dress."

11. "To-day, father! Why, it was for to-morrow uncle invited us."

"No, you are mistaken; and your mother and myself are nearly ready to go."

12. "O dear! O dear!" exclaimed Harry. "I haven't done the exercises. I thought it was for to-morrow; I was just as sure as could be."

13. "But did not your mother tell you that you were to go to-day?"

"Yes, father; but I thought she was mistaken, I was so sure; I was just as sure as could be."

14. "Had the invitation been given you wrong," said his father, "or if this were the first time you had insisted on the correctness of your own opinion, I would let you go. But you always think you know better than others; and you must bear the disappointments and inconveniences this brings upon you."

15. Harry went weeping to his chamber. He heard the carriage roll away. Though he tried to study, thoughts of the pleasure he might have enjoyed, eating the fine fruit, and hearing strange things of foreign countries, often brought tears into his eyes.

16. The next morning, when Harry came to the breakfast table, he was made acquainted with what had occurred. His mother and sister told him, when they arrived, how many inquiries were made about him. They told him who were there, what refreshments they had, and how all the children were delighted.

17. They told him the distinguished traveller, the great Mr. Tillotson, was there, and enlivened the drawing room by relating his adventures; and they then related some of the traveller's stories and anecdotes.

18. When Harry rose to go out, he said, "O mother, I wish I had been there. I don't think I shall ever again feel JUST AS SURE AS CAN BE."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

1. It is the fruit of waking hours,
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low-thatched roof
The winds of winter creep.
2. It is the fruit of summer days
Passed in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.
3. 'Tis given from a scanty store,
And missed while it is given ;
'Tis given — for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.
4. Few, save the poor, feel for the poor ;
The rich know not how hard
It is, to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.
5. Their paths are paths of plenteousness ;
They sleep on silk and down ;
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.
6. They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round ;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.
7. They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by ;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

8. The rich, they give — they miss it not —
A blessing cannot be
Like that which rests, thou widowed one,
Upon thy gift and thee!
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THE APPEAL OF PRENTISS FOR IRELAND.

1. It is no ordinary cause, that has brought together this vast assemblage. We have met, not to prepare for political contests, not to celebrate military achievements.

2. We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering, that comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread.

3. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets.

4. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

5. In this fair region, the earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets for the moment the gloomy history of the past.

6. We have assembled, to express our sincere sympathy for the sufferings of our brethren, and to

unite in efforts for their alleviation. In the name of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland.

7. O, it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which a kind Providence has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all,—it is terrible, that men should die of starvation! In these days, when it is manifest that the earth produces, every year, more than enough to clothe and feed all her thronging millions, it is a shame and a disgrace, that the word *starvation* has not long since become obsolete.

8. You, who have never been beyond the precincts of our own favored country; you, more especially, who have always lived in this great valley of the Mississippi, who see, each day, poured into the lap of your city food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine; of the terror which strikes men's souls, when they cry in vain for bread.

9. When a man dies of disease, though he endures pain, yet around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; they too are struggling with the same dread foe.

10. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter.

11. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day, the blood recedes, the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last, the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. He raves,

and glares upon his fellow-men with the longings of a cannibal.

12. Who will hesitate to give his mite to avert such awful results? Surely not the dwellers in a city, ever famed for deeds of benevolence and charity. Freely have your hearts and purses opened, heretofore, to the call of suffering humanity.

13. Nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and struggling Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk; more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer him.

14. Let us then load ships with this glorious munition, and, in the name of our common humanity, wage war against this despot, Famine. Let us "cast our bread upon the waters," and if we are selfish enough to desire it back again, we may recollect the promise, that it shall return to us after many days.

15. Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect that, in so doing, you are exercising one of the most godlike qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker, that he has permitted us to exercise, equally with himself, that noblest of even the divine attributes, benevolence.

16. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and I know you will give, according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

"Is not strained:

It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

17. It is now midnight in Ireland. In a wretched

hovel, a miserable, half-starved mother presses in her arms a sleeping infant, whose little care-worn face shows, that coward Famine spares not age or sex. But lo! as the mother gazes anxiously upon it, and listens to its little moaning, the *baby smiles!*

18. The good angel is whispering in its ear that, at this very moment, far across the wide sea, kind hearts and generous hands, are preparing to chase away haggard hunger from old Ireland, and that ships are already speeding rapidly to her shores, laden with the food which shall restore life to the parent, and renew the exhausted fountains of its own young existence.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

1. Saw ye the farmer at his plough,
As you were riding by?
Or wearied 'neath his noonday toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought you that his lot was hard?
And did you thank your God
That you, and yours, were not condemned
Thus like a slave to plod?
2. Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden, field, and tree
Conspire with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthful children gayly sport
Amid the new-mown hay,
Or proudly aid, with vigorous arm,
His task, as best they may.
3. The Harvest-Giver is their friend,
The maker of the soil,

And Earth, the mother, gives them bread,
And cheers their patient toil.
Come, join them round their wintry hearth,
Their heartfelt pleasures see,
And you can better judge, how blest
The farmer's life may be.

THE CRAZY MAN.

1. It was a chilly day in winter, and we were all seated in a comfortable school room. A man of most wretched appearance was seen passing by, drawing a hand sled, on which were several bundles of woollen rags, the remnants of garments worn till they could be of no further use.

2. He was clad in those but little better, and was apparently so weak, as to be scarcely able to draw his sled. Some looked out of the window and began to laugh. The instructor saw him, and remarked, —

“ You may all rise up, and see that wretched man passing by.” They did so, and nearly all were diverted to laughter.

3. After all had seen him, the teacher told them they might take their seats, and then remarked, “ I was willing you should look at that man ; but possibly my object in giving permission was misunderstood, as I see the effect on your feelings, was very different from what was produced on mine.

4. “ That miserable man, you at once perceive, is crazy. He has bundles of rags on his sled, which, perhaps, he values, though they can be of no service to him. You perceived, he looked pale and emaciated ; he was so weak as scarcely to be able to draw his load. He is very poorly shielded from the

cold of winter, and will very probably perish in the snow.

5. "Now tell me, my scholars, does this man excite your laughter? He was once a schoolboy, sprightly and active as any of you; his return from school was welcomed by joyful parents, and his presence gave pleasure to the youthful throng, who met each other in a winter evening, for merriment and sport.

6. "Look at him now; and can you sport with him who has lost his reason, and, in losing that, has lost all? Should I point to one of you, and be able, by looking down into future years, to say to the rest, 'Your associate here will hereafter be insane, and roam round a wretched maniac,' would you not rather weep than laugh?

7. "You saw me affected when I began to speak. I will tell you why. I had a friend once; he was dear to me as a brother; he was every thing I could wish in a friend. The character of his mind was such, as raised in his friends high expectations.

8. "I have, indeed, seldom, if ever, seen his equal. He could grasp any subject, and what others found difficult, only served as amusement for him. I have many of his letters, which would not disgrace any well-educated man, although written by him when he was a schoolboy.

9. "I expected to see him taking a lead in the affairs of men, and that his opinions would be quoted by others. I saw him after an absence of two years. 'Where?' do you ask. It was in a cage! and even then he was chained! He was a maniac of the most decided character.

10. "The moment he saw me, he seized my hand with wild joy, and for a while refused to release it. He had, in his madness, torn the skin from his own, and when I freed myself, my hand was reddened by his blood.

11. "For years he has wandered about, whenever it was safe to liberate him. But he is now, and always will be, a maniac. I have known sorrow, have seen friends die that were near as friends could be; but the hour that I sat by the confined and crazy Bernet was an hour of the greatest anguish I ever knew.

12. "Remember, my pupils, from what has passed this hour, to render unfeigned thanks to God, for continuing your reason hitherto; and if ever again you are disposed to laugh, when a crazy man passes, remember what may be your own condition hereafter."

THE AVALANCHE.

1. THE day had been one of toil, and the night was disturbed and restless. Unable to sleep, I rose about midnight and looked out of my window, and lo! the moon hung right over a clear, cold glacier, that seemed almost within reach of my hand.

2. The silent, white, and mighty form looked like a monster from the unseen world, and I fairly shuddered as I gazed at it. It seemed to hang over the little hamlet, like a cold and silent foe.

3. In the morning, mounting our mules, we started for one of the heights, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. As we approached that peak of tempests, the Wetterhorn, whose bare cliff rose straight up, thousands of feet from the path to the regions of eternal snow, the guide screamed out, "Look! look!"

4. And it was time to look; for, from the topmost height of the Wetterhorn, suddenly arose something like white dust, followed by a movement of a mighty mass, and the next moment an awful

white form leaped away, and, with almost a single bound of more than two thousand feet, came directly into our path, a short distance before us.

5. As it struck the earth, the crushed snow rose like vapor from the foot of a cataract, and rolled away in a cloud of mist over a hill of fir trees. The shock was like a falling rock, and the echo sounded along the Alpine heights; like the roll of far-off cannon, and died away over their distant tops.

6. One of the guides, an old traveller in the Alps, said, that in all his wanderings he had never seen any thing equal to it. That serene peak, resting far away up in the clear, rare atmosphere, the sudden commotion, and that swift-descending form of terror, are among the distinct and vivid things of memory.

7. As we rounded the point where this avalanche struck, we came nearly under the most awful precipice that I ever saw or dreamed of. How high that perpendicular wall of Alpine limestone may be, I dare not hazard a conjecture; but it makes one hold his breath in awe and dread, to look upon it.

8. In our descent, we came upon a perfectly level, smooth, and green pasturage. A gentle rivulet skirted one side of it, while at one end stood a single Swiss cottage. I left the path, that went into the hills from the farther corner, and rode to the end and looked back.

9. From my horse's feet, up to the very cliffs that frown in savage grandeur over it, went that sweet greensward; while at the left, rose a glacier of the purest white, that fairly dazzled the eyes, as the sunbeams fell in their noontide splendor upon it.

10. That beautiful, quiet plat of ground, the dark fir trees around it, the cliffs that leaned above it, and that spiritually white glacier, contrasting with the bright green below, combined to form a group and a picture, that seemed more like a vision than a real scene.

11. I gazed in silent rapture upon it, drinking in the beauty and strangeness of that scene, till I longed to pitch my tent there forever. That level greensward seemed to rest like a fearless, innocent child in the rough embrace of the great forms around it. It was to me the gem of Alpine valleys.

12. There is no outward emblem of peace and quietness, so striking as one of these green spots amid the Alps. The surface of a summer lake stirred by no breeze, the quiet night and quieter stars, are not so full of repose. The contrast is not so great.

13. Place that quiet lake amid roaring billows, and the repose it symbolized would be doubly felt. So amid the Alps.—The awful scenery, that folds in one of those sweet spots of greensward, makes it seem doubly sweet and green. It imparts a sort of consciousness to the whole, as if there were a serene trust, a feeling of innocence, in the brightly-smiling meadow.

14. It seems to let itself be embraced by those rude and terrific forms, without the least fear, and smiles back in their stern and savage faces, as if it knew it could not be harmed; and the snow peaks and threatening precipices look as if proud of their innocent child, guarding it with savage tenderness.

15. What beauty God has scattered over the earth! On the framework of the hills, and the valleys they enclose, on cliff and stream, sky and earth, he has drawn the lines of beauty and grandeur, with a pencil that never errs. But especially amid the Alps, does he seem to have wrought with sublimest skill.

16. All over its peaks and abysses, has he thrown the mantle of his majesty; while its strong avalanches, falling all alone into solitudes where the

foot of man has never trod, and the wing of the eagle never stooped, speak "eternally of Him." "The ice hills," as they leap away from their high resting-place, thunder, "God!"

KÖRNER'S BATTLE HYMN.

1. FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father! sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! O, hear, God of eternal
power!
2. God! thou art merciful! The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form.
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight
gloom,
To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come,
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
Or the sweet fragrance of the rose's bloom,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.
3. God! thou art mighty! At thy footstool bound,
Lie, gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and
Death;
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath;

Woe in thy frown! in thy smile, victory!

Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, All-Omnipotent, to thee!

4. Now for the fight! now for the cannon peal!

Forward! through blood, and toil, and cloud,
and fire!

Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!

They shake! like broken waves their squares
retire!

On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:

Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph
seal!

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

1. HERE is a whaling vessel in the harbor, her anchors up, and her sails unfurled. The last boat has left her, and she is now departing on a voyage of three, and perhaps four years in length. All that the eye sees is, that she is a strong ship, well manned and well provided for the seas.

2. Those on board will spend years of toil, and will then return; while the profits of the voyage will be distributed, as the case may be, to be squandered, or to be added to already existing hoards. So much appears. But there is an unpublished history, which, could it be revealed and brought vividly before the mind, would transfigure her, and enshrine her in an almost awful light.

3. There is not a stick of timber in her whole frame, not a plank, or a rope, which is not, in some

mysterious way, enveloped with human interests and sympathies. Let us trace this part of her history, while she circles the globe and returns to the harbor from which she sailed.

4. At the outset, the labor of the merchant, the carpenter, and of all employed on her, has not been mere sordid labor. The thought of their homes, of their children, and of what this labor may secure for them, has been in their hearts.

5. And they who sail in her leave behind, homes, wives, children, parents; and years before they return, those who are dearest to them may be in their tombs. What bitter partings, as if by the grave's brink, are those which take place, when the signal to unmoor calls them on board!

6. There are among them young men, married, perhaps, but a few weeks before; those too of maturer years, whose young children cleave to their hearts as they go. How deeply, as the good ship sails out into the open sea, is she freighted with memories and affections! Every eye is turned towards the receding coast, as if the pangs of another farewell were to be endured.

7. Fade slowly, shores that encircle their homes! Shine brightly, ye skies, over those dear ones whom they leave behind! They round the capes of continents; they traverse every zone; their keel crosses every sea; but still, brighter than the southern cross or the polar star, shines on their souls the light of their distant home.

8. In the calm moonlight, rise before the mariner the forms of those he loves; in the pauses of the gale, he hears the voices of his children. Beat upon by the tempest, worn down with labor, he endures all. Welcome, care and toil, if these may bring peace and happiness to those dear ones, who meet around his distant fireside.

9. And the thoughts of those in that home, com-

passing the globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. Children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him and to lisp his name.

10. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailings of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart, as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

11. And after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light glancing across the rim of the seas, from the lighthouse at the entrance of the bay.

12. With the morning, they are moored in the harbor. The newspapers announce her arrival. But, here again, how little of her cargo is of that material kind, which can be reckoned in dollars and cents! She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties, and hopes, and fears. Many of the crew have not dared to ask the pilot of home.

13. The souls of many, yesterday full of joyful expectation, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore, to answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyous meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. LET us follow one of the ship's crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild, and reckless, and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations, which had been too strong for his feeble virtue. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But during the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself."

2. Full of remorse for evil courses, and for that parental love which he has slighted, he has said, "I will arise and go to my father's house;" they who gave me birth, shall no longer mourn over me as lost. I will smooth the pathway of age for them, and be the support of their feeble steps. He is on his way to where they dwell in the country.

3. As the sun is setting, he can see, from an eminence over which the road passes, their solitary home on a distant hillside. O scene of beauty, such as, to him, no other land can show! There is the church, here a school house, and the abodes of those whom he knew in childhood.

4. He can see the places where he used to watch the golden sunset, not, as now, with a heart full of penitence, and fear, and sorrow for wasted years, but in the innocent days of youth.

5. There are the pastures and the woods, where he wandered full of the dreams and hopes of childhood; fond hopes and dreams, that have issued in such sad realities. The scene to others would be but an ordinary one. But to him, the spirit gives it life. It is covered all over with the golden hues of memory. His heart leaps forward to his home, but his feet linger.

6. May not death have been there? May not those lips be hushed in the silence of the grave,

from which he hoped to hear the words of love and forgiveness? He pauses on the way, and does not approach, till he beholds a light shining through the uncurtained windows of the humble dwelling. And even now his hand is drawn back, which was raised to lift the latch.

7. He would see if all are there. With a trembling heart he looks into the window; and there, blessed sight! he beholds his mother, busy, as was her wont, and his father, only grown more reverend with increasing age, reading that holy book which he taught his son to revere, but which that son has so forgotten.

8. But there were others; and lo! one by one they enter, young sisters, who, when he last saw them, were but children that sat on the knee, but who have now grown up almost to womanly years.

9. And now another fear seizes him. How will they receive him? May not he be forgotten? May they not reject him? But he will, at least, enter. He raises the latch; with a heart too full for utterance, he stands silent and timid in the doorway. The father raises his head, the mother pauses and turns to look at the guest who enters.

10. It is but a moment, when burst from their lips the fond words of recognition, "My son! my son!" Blessed words, which have told, so fully that nothing remains to be told, the undying strength of parental love.

11. To a traveller, who might that night have passed this cottage among the hills, if he had observed it at all, it would have spoken of nothing but daily toil, of decent comfort, of obscure fortunes. Yet, at that very hour, it was filled with thanksgivings which rose like incense to the heavens, because that "he who was lost, was found; and he that was dead, was alive again."

12. Thus ever under the visible, is the invisible. Through dead material forms, circulate the currents of spiritual life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear, which is, to the former, as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray on its surface.

13. There is not an obscure house among the mountains, where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections, which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms.

14. Outwardly, the ongoing of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery, lifeless, mechanical, commonplace repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day, reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

THE SWEET FLAG.

1. CAN I forget when first I met
The sweet flag's graceful form ?
'Twas on a glowing summer's day,
'Mid hearts as bright and warm, —
2. 'Mid hearts as warm as sunny gleams,
And eyes as kind and bright,
And spirits that, like sunshine too,
Are cheering, loved, and light,

3. If you could fancy fairy folks
 Would mimic works of ours,
 You'd think their dainty fingers here
 Had wrought mosaic flowers.
4. The tiny petals, neatly formed,
 With geometric skill,
 Is each one so exactly shaped,
 Its proper place to fill.
5. And stamens, like fine golden dust,
 Spangle the flowerets green ;
 Aught more compact and beautiful
 Mine eyes have never seen.
6. In far-gone times, ere folks had grown
 So mighty nice and clever, —
 When carpets were unheard-of things,
 And oil cloth dreamed of never, —
7. When wide, bare floors of good hard mud
 Or stone, not over even,
 Were all that unto knightly strides,
 Or dames' light steps, were given, —
8. When common rushes strewed the halls
 Where royal banquets were,
 How precious must these reeds have been
 Beside the banks of Yare !
9. Perhaps to strew a lady's bower,
 Perhaps some castle hall,
 Or rather some cathedral old
 At holy festival.
10. And then the gray and solemn aisles,
 And all the ancient floor,
 Were with the aromatic leaves
 Bestrewéd thickly o'er.

11. In by-gone days, the costly fumes
Of incense there were shed ;
But sweeter far the fragrant gush,
Greeting each passing tread.
 12. How often in the chapel, too,
The fresh-thrown reeds would lie ;
While the tears and smiles of a bridal band
Went softly passing by !
 13. And they were there, when sorrow deep
Wept the untimely doom
Of young, and bright, and beautiful,
Borne to the ancestral tomb.
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PRIDE. ✕

1. THERE is a species of pride to be rejoiced in. It is, in fact, that first of social virtues, honesty — a quality as superior to the honor which shoots a friend, and does not pay a debt, as day is to night. This species of pride causes its possessor to conform strictly to his or her means.

2. It would live in a hut, clothe itself in the coarsest raiment, and eat the bread of the hardest labor, rather than betray its obligations. It disdains the acted falsehood of "keeping up appearances."

3. It would not "live beyond the means," let people say what they would, and does not pamper itself with that which in truth belongs to others. This is the honest pride which all should have, which is inculcated by education, but is not quite so often practised as it might be.

4. This is the true pride ; not that morbid, querulous, unhappy feeling, always on thorns for fear its

pretensions may not be acknowledged, and in dread that its claims to "gentility" may not be admitted, — fussy, anxious, restless, and full of torment — suspicious, too, even in its brightest hour, that some one may laugh at its apishness.

5. It is rather that self-poised, firm, and contented spirit, which can endure its true position without quailing, and prefers the approbation of its own heart to the applause of the whole world — that genuine pride which develops the best part of nature, renders us wiser, happier, and which is ashamed of nothing but folly, vice, or crime.

6. Who would not thus be proud — ay, prouder in the meanest raiment and in the humblest dwelling, than in perfumed luxury, when obtained by the sacrifices of conscience?

7. Proper pride is neither jealous, nor envious, nor complaining. It is cheerful, open, and candid, always; and by this aspect, may you know it ever.

8. False pride is full of gloom and dissatisfaction; exacting, uneasy, spiteful, wretched; so that if your pride conflicts with your peace, be sure that an enemy has crept into the citadel, to deceive and betray.

9. It is false pride in some one of its multitude of disguises. No healthy mind can entertain such an inmate, without the rapid destruction of its soundness; while, on the contrary, a true pride contributes to the strength both of mind and body.

MY NATIVE LAND. •

LAND of the forest and the rock,
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, and lightning's shock —
My own green land forever!

O, never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood, like a dream of love.
Land of my fathers! if my name,
Now humble and unwed to fame,
Hereafter burn upon the lip,

As one of those which may not die,
Linked in eternal fellowship

With visions pure, and strong, and high;
If the wild dreams, which quicken now
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,
Hereafter take a real form,
Like spectres changed to beings warm,
And over temples wan and gray

The starlike crown of glory shine,—
Thine be the bard's undying lay,
The murmur of his praise be thine.

THE TWO ROSES. X

1. BEING with my friend, in a garden, we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly, smelt of it but seldom and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose, or squeezed it in my hands, whereby, in a very short time, it lost both its color and sweetness. But *his* still remained as sweet and fragrant, as if it had been growing upon its own root.

2. "These roses," said I, "are the true emblems of the best and sweetest temporal enjoyments in the world; which, being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them."

3. "But if once the affections seize too greedily

upon them, or too harshly, they quickly wither in our hands, and we lose the comfort of them, either through the soul's surfeiting upon them, or the Lord's righteous and just removal of them, because of the excess of our affection for them."

4. It is a point of excellent wisdom, to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon all the affections, we exercise on earthly things, and never to let slip the reins of the affections, unless when they move towards God, in the love of whom there is no danger of excess.

THE REINDEER AND THE MOSS.

1. THE docile, swift reindeer !
O, when I was a child,
I loved all strange, fantastic tales,
The wondrous and the wild.
2. I read about the "Hundred Nights,"
In the Arabian Tales,
That tell of genii, sprites, and dwarfs,
Of gold and diamond vales.
3. I read of Eastern gardens,
And palaces so rare,
And of sultans and sultanas,
The cruel and the fair.
4. I read of Robin Crusoe ;
Ah ! how I loved that book !
Nor, even yet, hath its strong charm
Wholly my mind forsook.
5. I read of voyages without end ;
Of travels many, too ;

And fairy tales and story books —
Of these, good sooth, not few.

6. But I remember, more than all,
I loved to think and hear
Of thee, thou strong and beautiful,
Thou swift and good reindeer!

7. I remember, in my earliest home,
A dim, antique beaufet,
And high upon its many shelves,
Things manifold were set.

8. Some piles of dark old books there were,
Amid the motley crowd ;
And when tall enough to reach them,
O, glad was I, and proud.

9. And there I found old Æsop,
Whose fables we all know,
And cookery books of ancient dates,
Most grim and well worn, too.

10. These I just peeped at, and put back,
And still went groping on
Deep into that small mine of wealth,
That I so late had won.

11. Soon, with some daring tugs, I brought
A lumbering volume slap
Down on the floor! I sat down, too,
And dragged it on my lap.

12. The binding was antique and worn,
The titlepage was out,
And yet the treasure won from me
A child's exultant shout.

13. For there were pictures, many,
Of beast, and fish, and bird;
And *thou* wert there, thou good reindeer,
Of whom so much I'd heard.
14. And that great, heavy, ancient book
Was such a prize to me!
It told me of the monstrous whale,
And the small, good, honey bee; —
15. It told me of the elephant,
The tiger, the gazelle,
Of the vast, luxuriant jungles,
And the lone, bright, desert well.
16. I read there of the Northern sea,
Where iceburg islands float,
And crush the great three-masted ship,
As 'twere a cockle boat.
17. I read about the harmless seals,
And the shaggy, polar bear,
And the mighty troops of hungry wolves
That roam and riot there.
18. I read of Nature's glorious works,
And wondering went on,
And found before me pleasures
Whose round will ne'er be done.
19. And in my good, old-fashioned book,
I read of herb and tree,
That were food for man, and beast, and bird,
And for the honey bee.
20. I read of grove-like banyans,
Of cedars, broad and tall,
Of the lofty, towering palm,
And the moss and lichen small.

21. And then I found how wondrously
The poor reindeer was fed,
When over all his frozen land,
Deep winter's snow lay spread ; —
22. How God had bid the barren ground
Produce this strange, small thing,
On which whole countless herds of deer
Are ever pasturing.
23. How, in the woods of scattered pine,
Abundantly it grows,
And clothes the earth for many a mile
Beneath the trackless snows ; —
24. How the sagacious reindeer delves,
And scents his onward way,
Till he reaches his scant, mossy food,
That doth his toil repay.
25. O, see him with his master's sledge !
How swift they glide along,
Like bird or fairy car I've read
Of, in some quaint old song.
26. Away ! o'er the boundless snowy waste,
So glittering and bright ;
Away ! through the dark pine forest,
As gloomy as the night ; —
27. Away ! o'er the frozen lake,
The river, and the fen ;
Away ! away ! Ye have winsome steeds,
Ye little Lapland men !
28. Ay, winsome steeds, in sooth,
With their antlers branched and high ;
So sure of foot, and swift of pace,
They truly seem to fly.

29. And thus we find, in every clime,
 Things beautiful and fair;
 Each fitted to fulfil its task
 Of use and beauty there.

30. And I remember thinking so,
 When, a little child, I read
 The history of the good reindeer,
 And the moss whereon they fed.

WISDOM.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
 Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune, than our happiness.

PARALLAX.

1. THE steamboat was moving swiftly along, so as to plough up the water with much force; and Rollo saw, to his great delight, that the dashing waves were full of stars. They looked like sparks of fire, which came flying out on each side of the cutwater, and glided swiftly along past the bows.

2. "What makes them?" said Rollo.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Holiday.

"Why, father!" said Rollo, "don't you know?"

3. "No," replied his father. "I have heard it said, that they are produced by some kind of animalculæ in the water."

"What are animalculæ?" asked Rollo.

4. "The word *animalculæ* means small animals," replied his father. "People say that these little stars are some kind of animalculæ; but if they are, I don't understand why they don't shine, except when the water is agitated.

5. "You find that where the water is dashed away each side of the bows; and where it comes out from under the paddle wheels, we see these stars; but they do not shine where the water is still."

6. After looking at these stars in the water for some time, Rollo and his father went back to their seats under the awning. Here Rollo's attention was attracted by the sight of a star, as he supposed, which was very near the horizon. He pointed it out to his father.

7. "Yes," said Mr. Holiday; "I noticed it before. It looks precisely like Sirius; but it is really a very different thing."

"What is it, sir?" said Rollo.

"It is a lighthouse, I presume," replied his father.

8. "What makes you think it is a lighthouse?" asked Rollo.

"I judge from the distance that it is from us," replied his father. "It cannot be more than a few miles off."

"How do you know? I could not tell, how far off it is, by the looks of it. It appears to me exactly like Sirius."

9. "I cannot tell by the looks of it," said his father. "I do not see any difference myself between the appearance of the light and that of Sirius, unless one is a little brighter than the other."

"Then how can you tell how far off it is?" asked Rollo.

10. "By its parallax," replied his father.

"Its parallax!" repeated Rollo. "What is its parallax?"

"Something too difficult for you to understand," replied his father.

11. "Can't I understand any thing about it at all?" said Rollo.

"Why, yes," rejoined his father; "I don't know that I cannot explain something to you about parallax; but it will not be much."

12. "Well, sir," said Rollo, "explain as much as you can."

"When we went to the bows of the boat to see the stars in the water, or rather the sparkles of water," said his father, "I observed that light off in this direction."

13. So saying, Rollo's father pointed to a part of the horizon, farther forward than where the light then was; and he explained to Rollo that, while they were gone to the bows of the boat, the light had glided along the horizon from that point to the place where it then was.

14. "Now all this time," continued his father, "we have been going along ourselves in a straight line."

"How do you know, sir?" asked Rollo.

15. "Because," replied his father, "Sirius appears in the same direction from us, that it did before we went away; and that shows, that we have not altered our course. But the light has moved along the horizon several degrees; so that it appears now in a very different direction from what it did before. And yet it has not moved itself; it only changes its direction because we move."

16. "How do you know," asked Rollo, "that it does not move itself?"

"Why, I don't know what movable light could be there."

"There might be a man," replied Rollo, "carrying a lantern along the shore."

"But the light of a lantern could not be seen so far," rejoined his father.

17. "Perhaps it is not very far," said Rollo. "We may be pretty nigh the shore."

"But we have sailed two or three miles, at least," replied his father, "since I first saw the light. Now, if we were so near the shore, as to be able to see the light of a lantern, we should have got by it entirely before this time, and have left it far behind us."

18. "But, though we have sailed two or three miles, the light has only advanced along the horizon a little way; and so I judge that it must be five or six miles off. And if it is five or six miles off, it must be some large light; and I cannot think of any thing it is likely to be, except a lighthouse."

19. "I rather think it is a lighthouse myself," said Rollo.

"If we watch it," said his father, "we shall see that it moves slowly along, as we advance on our way. Pretty soon it will be exactly opposite to us. Then presently it will begin to pass along behind us, and finally will get far astern."

20. "That changing of its direction, in consequence of our moving along, while it is really at rest itself, is its *parallax*. Now, the way we determine how far off any object is, when you cannot measure directly, is by observing its *parallax*; because the nearer to us the object is, the greater will be its *parallax*."

"I don't understand that exactly," said Rollo.

21. "Why, the nearer it is," replied his father, "the more rapidly it will appear to move along, when we are passing it. For instance, if there was a man out on the water here, with a lamp in his hand, only a quarter of a mile from where we are, as soon as the lamp came into view, we should see it appearing to glide along swiftly; and in a very few minutes, it would pass out of sight astern."

22. "I wish there was one," said Rollo.

"So do I," replied his father; "but that cannot

be. We cannot really witness that experiment; but you can see that it must be so, from the nature of the case. So, if any object is at rest, at a distance from us, we can judge how far off it is, by observing how fast it seems to move while we are going by it."

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. Just at the moment when Rollo's father had finished his explanation, a light suddenly came into view, a short distance before them, on the same side of the boat where they were sitting; and it came gliding swiftly along, so that it was almost opposite to them, before Rollo could recover from his surprise.

2. "Why, father, what is that?" said he.

"I don't know," said his father. "It is some light very near, for it has a great parallax; but I don't know what it can be. You may go forward, Rollo, and ask what it is."

3. Rollo came back in a few minutes, and said it was a light upon a vessel at anchor. A man told him that all the vessels had to carry lights, so that the steamboats might know where they were, and not run against them.

4. By this time, the lighthouse had got considerably astern, but it was distinctly in view; while the light upon the vessel had almost disappeared, as the steamboat had got completely beyond it.

5. "Now, you understand something about parallax," said Rollo's father. "The lantern hung upon the vessel is nearest to us; next comes the light upon the lighthouse; and Sirius is the farthest off. They all appear to change their direction from us, more or less rapidly, according to their distance.

6. "The vessel's lantern, a few minutes ago, was directly before us, and now it is almost directly behind. It has changed its direction nearly one hundred and eighty degrees in a few minutes. The lighthouse has been moving slowly along, and has not changed its direction more than forty or fifty degrees, perhaps, all the time that we have been looking at it. Sirius is farther off still, and even if we were to observe it with the nicest instruments, it would not seem to have moved in the least degree.

7. "We can observe the parallax, very easily, in the case of these lights, and other things so near; but we cannot perceive the parallax of the heavenly bodies, without instruments and nice observations. The astronomers have such instruments, and they note how much the heavenly bodies change their direction from us, when they are observed from different places, and thus they can calculate the exact distance of their bodies from us."

8. "I don't see how they can calculate the exact distance," said Rollo.

"No," said his father, "I do not suppose you can. You can only understand a very little about such a subject. I only wanted to give you some general idea, how they measure the distances of heavenly bodies.

9. "It will be of use to you sometimes, in enabling you to form some judgment of the distance of objects which you see, when you are riding or sailing. Sailors can judge of the distance of a mountain, when they are sailing along the coast, by observing how fast it seems to move along the horizon."

10. Just at this moment, Rollo, who happened to be looking at the lighthouse, observed that it was beginning to move very swiftly around towards the stern of the boat.

"Why, father," said he, "the lighthouse is moving away very fast now."

11. "Yes," said his father; "I see that it is changing very fast; but that cannot be parallax. It must be, because the boat is turning out of its course. I presume we are turning to go into the harbor."

12. So Rollo and his father walked forward, to see more distinctly what was going on. They advanced along the promenade deck, and took their stand by the wheelhouse, near the ladder which led down to the main deck below. There was a railing before them, to keep them from falling off.

13. They could see before them the dim form of the land, with the outlines of the buildings of a town relieved against the sky; on the water, between them and the town, they saw a number of lights, which belonged to vessels lying in the harbor. One vessel was so near, that they could see the dark form of her hull floating on the water.

14. Other lights were at different distances. Rollo was very much interested, in observing the different degrees of rapidity with which they appeared to move, as the steamboat glided by them. He found that he could tell very easily which were near, and which were remote, by observing their apparent motion.

15. "Father," said Rollo, after watching these lights a little while, "I can tell which lights are nearer than the others, by their moving quicker; but I cannot tell how far off any of them are."

16. "No," replied his father, "I know you cannot. It requires some nice measurements and observations to do that."

"But I thought you said, father," rejoined Rollo, "that they could tell how far off the stars are, without measuring, by the parallax."

17. "Yes," said his father; "that is, without

measuring the distance to the stars ; but they have to measure some other distances. For example, if we wanted to ascertain, how far off we were from that lighthouse, half an hour ago, it would have been necessary, to have taken an observation of its direction from us exactly, with an instrument.

18. "Then, after we had sailed a certain distance, we ought to observe the direction again very carefully, noting the exact distance we had sailed. Then we could make the calculation."

"How should we do it?" asked Rollo.

19. "O, you cannot understand that yet," said his father. "In order to know how to make such a calculation, it is necessary to understand trigonometry."

"Is trigonometry hard?" asked Rollo.

"No," replied his father. "not if the pupil is old enough to study it."

THE CRANBERRY PICKERS.

1. FAR away among the hills,
Far from tower and town,
Where wide moors and heaths lie spread,
Desolate and brown, —
2. The cranberry blossom dwelleth there
Amid the mountains cold,
Seeming like a fairy gift
Left on the dreary wold.
3. O, and 'tis very beautiful ;
The flowers are pink and white,
And the small oval polished leaves
Are evergreen and bright.

4. But on the moors it dwelleth free,
Like a fearless mountain child,
With a rosy cheek, a lightsome look,
And a spirit strong and wild.
5. And there the peasant children come
To pull the cranberries red,
Where bold and booted sporting squires
Would scarcely dare to tread.
6. *They* only shoot the poor wild birds
And chase the timid hare,
For their diversion; *they* can live
In luxury without care.
7. But these poor peasant children's lot
Is full of human woe;
And hungry, thinly clad, and cold,
They o'er the mountains go, —
8. With feet, that shoes have never known,
And legs all blue and bare;
And yet, so light are they of heart,
You'll hear them laughing there.
9. Such laughter makes my very heart
Leap up with joy to hear;
It tells that even poverty
Is not entirely drear.
10. It telleth — what I ever think —
That God is good indeed,
And that he suiteth, in us all,
Our spirit to our need.
11. But they, unshod, bareheaded too,
Fed sparsely with coarse food,
Go laughing on their gleesome way,
As God's bright creatures should.

12. They *are* bright flowers, that spring to cheer
E'en penury's wilderness,
And often, with a swelling heart,
Those human flowers I bless.
13. Kind blessings on their bold, clear eyes,
And elfish, unbound hair;
And blessings on their laughter wild,
'Mid crags and moorlands bare.
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ROOM ENOUGH, AND WORK ENOUGH, FOR
ALL. ✕

1. THERE is always room enough in the world, and work waiting for willing hands. The charm that conquers obstacles and commands success, is strong will and hard work. Application is the friend and ally of genius.

2. The laborious scholar, the diligent merchant, the industrious mechanic, the hard-working farmer, are thriving men, and take rank in the world; while genius, without toil, accomplishes nothing. The hare sleeps or amuses himself by the wayside, and the tortoise wins the race.

3. Even the gold of California cannot be had for the gathering. The patents of nobility on the Sacramento, are the hard hand and the sunburnt face.

4. Genius will, alone, do but little in this matter-of-fact, hard-working world. He who would master circumstances, must come down from the clouds, and bend to unremitting toil.

5. To few of the sons of men is given an exemption from the common doom. It is not revealed, how much of the celebrity of gifted men has been dependent on "hard digging." The rough draughts of inspiration are not printed.

6. The wondrous efforts of the mightiest masters of art, have something in them besides genius. Not by sudden flashes came the graceful proportions, which give such exceeding beauty to the works of Raphael.

7. When Michael Angelo hewed out his thought in marble, he produced the result of profound meditation, mingled with the severest application to the acquirement of all knowledge that could aid his unrivalled power.

8. The examples before us bid us work, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. Around us, every where, the new crowds aside the old. Improvement steps over seeming perfection. Discovery upsets theories, and overthrows established systems.

9. The usages of our boyhood become matters of tradition, for the amusement of our children. Innovation rises on the site of revered homes. The school books we used are no longer respected; and it is not safe to quote the authorities of our college days.

10. Machinery becomes old iron, as its upstart successor usurps its place. The new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling banks of the canal, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piecemeal.

11. The powers of man have not been exhausted. Nothing has been done by him that cannot be better done. There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of the imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

12. All nature is full of unknown things. Earth, air, water, the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky,

lie almost untouched before us. The chances of our predecessors have not been greater, than those which remain for our successors.

13. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction, has not been more open to others than to us; to no one, past or present, more than to the young man of to-morrow. Sit not with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demigod.

14. It was given to thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world, trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted profession, nor vainly hope that its name alone will exalt thee.

15. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the study, office, counting room, workshop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either.

16. But no duty requires thee to shut out beauty, or to neglect the influences that may unite thee with heaven.

17. The wonders of art will humanize thy calling. The true poet may make thee a better man, and unknown feelings will well up within thee, where the painter's soul glows on canvas, and the almost breathing marble stands a glorious monument of the statuary's skill.

18. Nature, too, will speak kindly to thee, from field and forest, from hill and lake side. Go into glade and woodland, by the waving harvest, and the bright river hurrying to the sea. Look up at the stars in the still night.

19. Listen to the gentle voice of the south wind, as it whispers with the pines. Watch the pulsations of the ocean, as they regularly beat on the sand. Such teachings will tell thee there is consolation in the struggles of this life, and may foreshadow the repose of that which is to come.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

1. THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
- 2 Heaped in the hollow of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
3. The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay;
And from the wood top caws the crow
Through all the gloomy day.
4. Where are the flowers, the young, fair flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs —
A beauteous sisterhood?
5. Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lonely beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
6. The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.
7. The wind flower and the violet —
They perished long ago;
And the wild rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow; —

8. But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood, —
9. Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men;
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.
10. And now, when comes the calm, mild day, —
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home, —
11. When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill, —
12. The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the streams no more.
13. And then I think of one who, in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
14. In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf;
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.
15. Yet not unmeet it was, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

PAPER MONEY AND EXCHANGE.

1. A YOUNG lad, named Marco Paul, was permitted by his father to visit Boston, in company with a gentleman by the name of Forester. Passing through State Street one day, Marco observed large buildings ornamented with porticoes and columns. The signs over the doors were chiefly names of banks and insurance offices. He said to his friend, "What kind of business is done here?"

2. "Several kinds," said Forester; "though it may be said; in general, that nearly all the immense dealings which take place in this street, are in one single article."

3. "What is that?" asked Marco.

"Obligations," said Forester.

"I don't know what you mean by obligations," said Marco.

4. "Obligations to pay money," replied Forester. "In small transactions, the obligations which one man comes under to pay money to another, are usually settled privately between the parties; but in large transactions, it is not so. The obligations in these great transactions are usually put in such a form, that they can be bought, sold, or exchanged.

5. "The banks and offices in State Street constitute the place, where all these obligations centre, to be paid or balanced one against the other. So that State Street may be considered as the general counting room of the city.

6. "If a Boston merchant gives another one his written promise to pay him a thousand dollars in three months, the paper goes, perhaps, from hand to hand, till it has performed a considerable circuit; but the merchant who gave it, is pretty sure to find it, at the end of the three months, in State Street.

7. "If a man wants to lend a thousand dollars, he

goes into State Street, and there he finds some one who wants to borrow. If he wishes to borrow a thousand dollars, he goes into State Street, and there he finds some one who wants to lend.

8. "If he has any money which he wants to keep safe, he sends it to a bank in State Street; and if he wants to pay any money, he sends the person who is to receive it to State Street, with a written order to the bank that keeps his money, to pay it to him."

"Then there must be a great deal of money in State Street," said Marco.

9. "Yes," replied Forester, "but not so much as might be supposed, judging from the immense magnitude of the money transactions which take place here every day, — for a very large part of the debts of the merchants is balanced by setting off one against the other. So that there is, after all, not so much money in State Street, as one might suppose; and what money there is, is very seldom used."

10. "Why, Forester!" exclaimed Marco, much surprised to hear such a statement as that.

11. "I will explain to you," said Forester, "how receipts and payments are made, without money, through the banks and other institutions of State Street. Suppose a merchant wants to buy a hundred barrels of beef, to send away for sale. Now, we will suppose that he has no money, but he has an obligation which another merchant, an importer, has given him, to pay a thousand dollars in four months.

12. "This was given him, we will suppose, on account of some merchandise which he has just sold the importer, to be sent to some foreign country. He carries the obligation to a bank in State Street, and asks them to exchange their obligation for it. They do so, deducting something as their compensation."

13. "How much?" said Marco,

"Twenty* dollars," said Forester. "And you see the merchant has got the obligation of the bank, instead of the obligation of the importer. The obligation of the bank is a great deal better for his purposes."

14. "Why?" asked Marco.

"Because," said Forester, "in the first place, though the importer, whose obligation he had at first, may be very rich, yet he is not likely to be known generally away from Boston. But the bank is a public institution which is known all over the country.

15. "Now, the merchant wants to send into Vermont, perhaps, where a great many cattle are raised upon the green hills, to buy the beef there. Here the obligation of his brother merchant, the importer, would not be taken, because he would not be known, — but the bank bills would be taken.

16. "The obligations of the bank are better than the one of the importer, because this last was in one great sum, — a thousand dollars, — whereas the bank can give its obligation for small sums, — tens, fives, threes, and ones, — just as the merchant may think most convenient for purchasing cattle of the farmers."

17. "Yes," said Marco, "that makes the bank bills a great deal better."

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. "AND there is another reason still," said Forester. "The obligations of a bank are made payable on demand; that is, whenever any body calls for the money. But the obligation of the importer was not payable until after four months. People are,

* Really, one dollar more for the three days' grace.

of course, much more ready to take obligations payable on demand, because they know that they can have gold or silver for them, at any time they desire.

2. "Thus, you see, here are three reasons, why the obligations given him by the bank are better for the merchant, than the one which he originally received of his brother merchant; the bank is better known, — the obligations are in smaller sums, — and they are made payable on demand.

3. "For these reasons, the farmers in Vermont will take them readily in payment for their cattle, and the merchant is willing to pay the bank twenty dollars, to make the exchange.

4. "Now, the merchant gives his money to his agent, and sends him into Vermont to buy cattle; and thus the nine hundred and eighty dollars of bank obligations, become scattered all over Vermont.

5. "You might, perhaps, think that these farmers would not like to take these promises of the bank, as they live so far away that they cannot conveniently go to the bank, with the bills, to call for the money, if they should want it.

6. "But the truth is, farmers do not often want to use gold and silver. They only want something to pay what they owe to the traders in the country towns, where they buy their sugar and tea, and calicoes, and cloths, and such other articles as they cannot raise on their farms.

7. "Now, as these traders are continually owing the Boston merchants for the tea, sugar, and other articles, which they buy in Boston, they prefer these bank obligations to silver and gold; for they can send them more conveniently to Boston, to pay their debts. All that the farmers want, is something which the storekeepers and traders will take.

8. "Accordingly, all these bills, after passing through several hands, come at last into the traders' hands, and they keep them to pay their debts in

Boston. They send them on in packages by the stage drivers and by private passengers."

9. "Yes," said Marco, "you always bring packages for the storekeepers, when you come from Vermont."

10. "Now, let us suppose," continued Forester, "that all the traders into whose hands this nine hundred and eighty dollars of bank obligations came, owed the very importer who gave the thousand dollars' obligation to the merchant. They would send on these bills to him to pay their debt.

11. "Then these bank obligations would come into his hands; and when the four months come round, and the bank sends him word that his own obligation has become due, and that he must call and pay it, he takes twenty dollars out of his profits, made by selling the merchandise which he bought for the thousand dollars, and adds it to the nine hundred and eighty, which he received from the country traders, and thus makes up the sum which was due.

12. "He carries these bills to the bank, and exchanges them for his own note. Thus he gets back his obligation without paying any money for it. And the bank gets back its obligation too, without paying any money.

13. "The farmers, too, have sold their beef and paid their debts to the traders; and the traders have paid their debts to the importer. The traders have made their profits, and so has the merchant, and the importer, and the bank has made a profit of twenty dollars, — and every thing is all settled.

14. "Thus the bank acts as an office for the general exchange and balancing of obligations, and perhaps, so far as this transaction goes, without using any money at all."

15. "Not any at all?" said Marco.

"Perhaps not, — or, at least, only a very little.

There might be one farmer who would want to take his five-dollar bill and come to the bank and get his silver for it, for change ; but these cases would be few.

16. " Bills come out of the banks in the shape of small obligations, given instead of the great ones of individual merchants.

17. " They go all over the country, and are paid to farmers for produce. They go from the farmers to the traders, and by the traders they are sent back to the merchants in Boston to pay their debts ; and these merchants carry them to the banks, to give back in exchange for the great obligations, for which these bills of the banks were originally given.

18. " Thus all is balanced and settled without the aid of money ; that is, without the necessity of carting bags of gold and silver about the country. And this is one of the great classes of operations, which centre in State Street. So that a bank is an office for the exchanging and balancing the obligations of the community, with but very little transportation of coin to and fro.

19. " There is another kind of business which is done in State Street," said Forester. " Your father wanted to send some money to me ; there may have been a hundred other persons in New York, who wanted to send money to Boston, and there are probably a hundred in Boston, who want to send money to New York.

20. " Now, if all these people were actually to send the gold and silver, the heavy bags of coin would pass each other on the Sound ; and as these payments have to be made every day, the heavy coin would only go back and forth continually to no purpose."

21. " How do they manage it, then ?" said Marco.

" Why, now, here is your father, who wants to

send me two hundred and fifty dollars. Instead of getting the dollars, and putting them up in a bag, and sending them to me, he carries the money to a broker in Wall Street, New York, and pays it to him, and the broker puts the money with the rest of his money, in New York, and writes his draft, ordering the broker in Boston to pay me the money.

22. "If the Boston broker pays it, then the New York broker will owe him that sum. In the same manner, a great many others call on the New York broker every day, and pay him the money which they want to send to Boston, and take his drafts instead.

23. "Now, if the Boston broker pays all these drafts, the New York broker would be very much in his debt, were it not that he does just the same thing in Boston, which his correspondent does in New York. For the Boston people, who wish to send money to New York, come and pay him their money, and he gives them drafts on the New York broker.

24. "Thus the two accounts balance each other, — only each broker makes a profit; for he requires every man who comes for a draft, to pay something for it, over and above the amount which the draft represents.

25. "There are a great many brokers and bankers in New York and Boston, and, in fact, in all other great commercial cities, and their drafts are all the time passing and repassing, while the money remains quietly in the vaults of the banks."

26. "Do the brokers keep their money in the banks?" asked Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "I suppose they do. Probably, when I carry this draft to the broker, he will not give me the money, but a check on some bank where he keeps his funds."

27. So Marco and Forester went to the broker's

office, and handed the draft to one of the clerks. The clerk read the draft, then turned it over and looked at the back, and then he looked at Forester. He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then he carried the draft to an elderly-looking gentleman, who was sitting at a desk at the back side of the office.

28. The gentleman looked up at Forester a moment, and then made a sign of assent, and the clerk wrote a check and carried it to this gentleman to sign. When it was signed, he handed it to Forester, and put the draft in a drawer.

29. As they went out, Marco wanted to see the check. Forester showed it to him, and he saw that it was drawn upon the Massachusetts Bank. They went down State Street to the bank, and presented the check and got bills for the amount.

30. After this, Marco and Forester went home. On their way, Marco said, "I know a great deal more about banks and bankers than I ever did before."

"True," rejoined Forester; "but, after all, you know very little."

THE HOURGLASS.

1. MARK the golden grains that pass
Brightly through this crystal glass;
Measuring, by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all.
2. Pauseless till the sand be done,
See the silent current run;
Its task performed, its travel past,
Like mortal man, it rests at last.

3. Yet let some hand invert the frame,
And all its powers return again ;
For all the golden grains remain,
To work their little hour again.
 4. But who shall turn the glass for man,
From which the golden current ran ? —
Collect again the precious sand
Which Time has scattered with his hand ? —
 5. Bring back life's stream with vital power,
And bid it run another hour ?
A thousand years of toil were vain,
To gather up one single grain.
-

FURNISH YOURSELF WITH IDEAS.

1. THE way to attain an extensive treasure of ideas is, to read the best books, and converse with the wisest men, and suffer no hour to pass in idleness, or in impertinent, useless chattering.

2. There are some persons who never arrive at any valuable knowledge in either science, or in the business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things in a curious wandering search after an infinite variety.

3. They are ever reading, ever hearing, and ever asking after something new, but impatient of any labor, to lay up and preserve any ideas they have gained.

4. Their minds may be compared to a looking glass, that receives the images of all objects, which ever way it is turned, but retains none.

5. A love of reading should be cultivated ; and care should be taken to select the very first order of

books, because young persons are, to some extent, chameleon-like. They are apt to take a tinge from the company they keep; so they may from the books they read.

6. It is not enough merely to read books. Care must be taken how we read them. One class of readers may be compared to the hourglass. Their reading is like the sand; it runs in, and it runs out, and leaves no vestige behind.

7. Another class is like the sponge; it imbibes every thing, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little more impure. A few are like the filter, which allows all that is pure to pass through it, and retains only the refuse and dregs.

PRIDE AND THE POPPIES.

1. "We little Red-caps are among the corn,
Merrily dancing at early morn.
We know that the farmer hates to see
Our saucy red faces; but here are we!
2. "We pay no price for our summer coats,
Like those slavish creatures, Barley and Oats;
We won't be ground, winnowed, or beat,
Like our heavy-head neighbor, Gaffer Wheat.
3. "Who dare thrash *us*, we should like to know!
Grind us, and bag us, and use us so!
Let meaner and shabbier things than we
So stupidly bend to utility!"
4. So said little Red-cap; and all the rout
Of the Poppy clan raised a mighty shout—
Mighty for them; but if *you* had heard,
You had thought it the cry of a tiny bird.

5. So the Poppy folks flaunted it over the field ;
In pride of grandeur, they nodded and reeled,
And shook out their jackets, till naught was seen
But a wide, wide shimmer of scarlet and green.
6. The Bluebottle sat on her downy stalk,
Quietly smiling at all their talk.
The Marigold still spread her rays to the sun,
And the purple Vetch climbed to see the fun.
7. Forth went the reapers, a right merry band ;
The sickles were glancing in each strong hand ;
And the wealthy farmer came trotting along
On his gay little pony, 'mid whistle and song.
8. " We'll cut this barley to-day," quoth he,
As he tied his white pony under a tree ;
" And next the upland wheat, and then the oats."
How the poppies shook in their scarlet coats !
9. Ay, shook with laughter, not fear ; for they
Never dreamed they too should be swept away ;
Yes, they chuckled, they laughed, to think that all
Their " useful " neighbors were doomed to fall.
10. They swelled and bustled with such an air,
The cornfields quite in commotion were ;
And the farmer cried, glancing o'er the grain,
" How those rascally weeds have come up
again ! "
11. " Ha ! ha ! " laughed the Red-caps ; " ha ! ha !
what a fuss
Must the poor *weeds* be in ! how they're envy-
ing *us* ! "
But their mirth was cut short by the sturdy
strokes
They speedily met from the harvest folks.

12. "Ah!" said the Bluebottle, "my dying friends,
The same dire fate alike attends
Those who in scarlet or blue are dressed;
Then how silly the pride that so late pos-
sessed
13. "Our friends the Red-caps! How low they lie,
Who were lately so pert, and vain, and high!
They sneered at us and our plain array;
Are we now a whit more humble than they?
14. "They scorned our neighbors; the goodly
corn
Was the butt of their merriment, eve and
morn;
They lived on its land, from its bounty fed,
But a word of thanks they never have said.
15. "And which is the worthiest now, I pray?
Have ye not learned enough to-day?
Is not the corn sheafed up with care?
And are not the poppies left dying there?
16. "The corn will be carried and garnered up
To gladden man's heart both with loaf and
cup;
And some of the seed the land now yields
Will be brought again to its native fields,—
17. "And grow and ripen and wave next year,
As richly as this hath ripened here;
And we poor weeds, though needed not,
Perchance may spring on this very spot.
18. "But let us be thankful and humble too;
Not proud and vain of a gaudy hue;
Ever remembering, though meanly dressed,
That *usefulness* is of all gifts the best."

GALLANTRY.

1. In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are disposed to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry which we are supposed to pay to females, *as females*.

2. I shall believe this principle actuates our conduct, when I see in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, the same attention paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexion as to clear; to the woman as she *is* a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

3. I shall believe this principle actuates our conduct, when I see that a well-dressed gentleman, in a well-dressed company, can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting a sneer. I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when the phrase, "antiquated spinster," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in the man or woman that shall hear it spoken.

4. I shall believe that gallantry is something better than a name, when we shall cease to hear by the wayside, in the street, in the mart, or in the turbulent crowd, remarks that offend the ear of delicacy.

5. And finally, I shall begin to think that gallantry is something, when, even in the fashionable lecture room, no allusions shall be made, either in reference to the condition or age of any class of females, which do excite, and are intended to excite, a smile.

6. Until that day comes, I never shall believe that gallantry is any thing better than a conventional fiction, got up between the sexes, in a certain rank and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

7. Joseph Paxton, of Breadstreet Hill, merchant,

and one of the directors of the South Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have ever met with. He took me under his protection at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the gentleman in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

8. He was bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, and was the finest gentleman of his time.

9. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing room and another in the shop, and still another at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction; but he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. .

10. I have seen him stand bareheaded — smile, if you please — while a poor servant girl has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a position of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it.

11. He was no dangler after women, but he revered *womanhood* in every form in which it came before him.

12. I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market woman, whom he had encountered in a storm, holding his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no harm, with as much cheerfulness as if she had been a countess.

13. He was never married, but, in his youth, he had paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Walsingham, old Walsingham's daughter, of Clopton, who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed him in the resolution of perpetual bachelorship.

14. He told me that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches, the

common gallantries, to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance, but, in this case, she seemed rather to resent his compliment.

15. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness.

16. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no dislike to his attention—that she could endure some high-flown compliments.

17. As a young lady, placed in her situation, might expect all sorts of civil things said to her, she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, with as little injury to her humility as most young women.

18. But a little before he commenced his compliments to her, she had overheard him, in rather rough language, rating a young woman for not bringing home his cravats at the appointed time.

19. She then thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Walsingham, a young lady, a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this fine gentleman who is courting me.

20. “But if I had been poor Mary Burns, the milliner, and had failed to bring home the cravats at the appointed hour, though I had set up half the night to forward them, what sort of compliments should I have received then?”

21. My woman’s pride now began to rise, and I was determined not to receive fine speeches from one who would not do me the honor to treat a female like myself with handsome usage.

22. I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy which

through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

23. I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Walsingham showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry, and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man, a pattern of politeness to his mistress, and of rudeness to his unfortunate maiden aunt or cousin.

24. Just so much rudeness, incivility, or disrespect as a woman tacitly permits a single individual to manifest towards any one of her own sex, in whatever condition placed, she deserves to receive herself.

25. What a woman should demand of man is, respect for her as she is a woman. Let her stand upon her female character as upon an immovable foundation, a foundation not to be shaken by rudeness or incivility. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Walsingham, to reverence her sex.

THE PETITION.

About sixty thousand operatives in the United States make the following representation, praying that the condition of certain individuals of their class may be ameliorated.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, and to the Sovereign People :—

1. WE, constituents of the English language, whose names and origin, characters and duties, are so faithfully exhibited in Johnson's, Webster's, and

Worcester's Dictionaries, would respectfully represent, that many of us have received the kindest treatment from our employers, from time immemorial.

2. Some thousands of us, indeed, might die of idleness, were it possible, having nothing to do but to sleep, being shut up in the dormitory of a dictionary, or in some learned book which the great mass of the people never open.

3. But of this we do not complain. Nor do we account it much of an evil, that certain Yankees make us weary with the monstrously long drawl with which they articulate us.

4. But we do complain that certain of our brethren are exceedingly abused, and made wretched, by some thousands, and perhaps millions, of the citizens of the United States.

5. Their piteous groans have shocked our ears; their sufferings have pained our sympathizing hearts for many years. We can endure no longer; we *must* speak.

6. We come, then, supplicating you to take measures for the relief of the sufferings of those of our number whose names and particular subjects of complaint shall now be enumerated.

7. *Arithmetic*, that accurate calculator, indispensable to this mighty and money-making nation, grievously complains that he is obliged to work for thousands without the use of *A* head, and deprived of one of his two *i*'s. Here is a picture of his mutilated form: *Rethmetic*!

8. *T* seems to suit the constitution of *Priests*; and they always want *t* once, at least, in every one of their feasts. Pray tell us why they should be deprived of so ample, and in many cases, so necessary, a beverage as *t*. Deprived of their *t*, the *Pries* s always hiss their disapprobation.

9. If *t* is deemed an unwholesome beverage; if it

is a proscribed article, then permit us most respectfully to ask, why it is forced upon some constitutions which cannot bear it?

10. Why is *Attacked*, that important character which figures so gloriously in all military operations, forced by many to use more *t*, than his constitution will admit?

11. He cannot perform his operations, you know, at all, without the use of *t*, twice, every time he is attacked. But why force it upon him three times? This causes a change in his constitution and appearance which he cannot comfortably bear. Just see how *Attacked* is altered by more *t*, than he wants: *Attack-ted*.

12. There is another poor fellow who has a similar affliction — *Across*. He is forced to the use of *t*, when his constitution cannot bear it at all. See what a spectacle a little *t* makes of him: *Acrosst*.

13. *Oil*, you all know, has a disposition smooth to a proverb; but he is, to say the least, in great danger of losing his fine, easy temper, by being treated in the altogether improper manner that you here behold: *Ile!* *ILE!* Poor *Oil* has been for centuries crying out, "*O! O! O!*" as loudly and roughly as his melodious but sonorous voice will permit; but they will not hear; they still call him, *Ile!* *Ile!*

14. *Quench*, that renowned extinguisher, whom all the world can't hold a candle to, is himself very much *put out*, now and then, from this cause: Some people permit that crooked and hissing serpent, *S*, to get before him, and coil round him, while he is in the hurry of duty, as you here see: *Squench*. And sometimes they give him a horrid black *?*; thus, *Squinch*.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. *Sauce* has a good many elements in him, and, above all, a proper share of self-respect. He thinks he has too much spice and spirit to be considered such a flat as this indicates: *Sass*.

2. *Saucer* complains that he is served the same *sass*. Between them both, unless there is something done, there may be an overflow of *sauciness* to their masters.

3. *Scarce* is not a very frequent complainant of any thing; but he is now constrained to come forward, and pour out more plentifully than common. He complains that certain *Nippies*, both male and female, and hosts of honest imitators, call him *Scurce*, thinking it the height of gentility. He will detain you no longer, for he prefers to be always *Scarce*.

4. *Lie*, that verb of so quiet a disposition by nature, is roused to complain that his repose is exceedingly disturbed in the following manner: Almost the whole American nation, learned as well as unlearned, have the inveterate habit of saying, *Lay*, when they mean, and might say, *Lie*.

5. "*Lay* down," and "*lay* abed," and "let it *lay*," is truly a national sin against the laws of grammar. *Lie* modestly inquires whether even the college-learned characters would not be benefited by a few days' attendance in a *good* common school.

6. We admit that *Lie* is rather inclined to indolence, and has a very strong propensity to sleep; but he would not be kept in perpetual dormancy for the lack of use. Please to employ him on all proper occasions; not when he stands or comes, but whenever he *lies*, in your way.

7. *Potatoes*, those benevolent personages who are constantly engaged in furnishing food for the hun-

gry, are most unfeelingly mangled by those whose mouths they fill. Their heads and *toes* are both cut off; they are deprived of their extremities; they are curtailed of their fair proportions; they are cheated of feature.

8. In their *extremity*, as they are very *mealy-mouthed*, they merely say, "Po! po! gentlemen and ladies, spare us a head, and you may bruise our *toes*, in welcome." Still, their *toes* are hacked off, and sometimes — only think! — *tur* is stuck on as a substitute; and thus, you see, those portly, good-looking, round-faced personages, *Potatoes*, are sent out into this breathing world, without head or *toes*, to dig their own *Taturs*.

9. If it would not weary your patience, we would bring forward the complaints of many others, who are also in a state of suffering.

10. We must not, however, omit to bring to your notice the complaints of a very respectable class of our associates.

11. Every operative, and all who are actively employed, are doomed to go *hurrying*, and *bustling*, and *dodging* about, with one of their extremities hacked off.

12. They are so modest, that they forbear to come forward and present their grievances, *believin'*, as they do, that *nothin* can be done so long as the indomitable Jack Downing is *goin* about, *talkin*, *speakin*, and *doin* as he pleases.

13. Please lend us your indulgence a few moments longer. Your supplicants find it difficult to speak of this Downing family with any degree of calmness.

14. They torture us into such unnatural shapes, that the stretchings and disjoinings in the Inquisition would be a pleasure in comparison. They make short long, and long short, without mercy.

15. Therefore we beg, in behalf of sound learning

and ourselves, that all the members of the *Downing* family may be sought out by the *ought-to-be-enlightened* people of the United States, and hurled into that *nothin-ness* from whence they sprung. •

16. Now, sovereign arbiters, shall the condition of our suffering brethren be ameliorated? Shall the era of good grammar, correct spelling, and proper pronunciation, be hastened forward by some benevolent exertions?

17. Shall the present abuses be transmitted to the future, or not? Shall the Golden Age of Speech speedily come, and last evermore?

18. That some improvements in our condition, and in the condition of our afflicted brethren, may be vouchsafed, is the humble prayer of your supplicants; all whose names, being too numerous to be here subscribed, may be found recorded in Webster's great dictionary.

THE HYACINTH.

OVER the moorland, over the lea,
Dancing airily, there are we;
Sometimes, mounted on stems aloft,
We wave o'er broom and heather,
To meet the kiss of the zephyr soft;
Sometimes, close together,
Tired of dancing, tired of peeping,
Under the whin you'll find us sleeping.
Daintily bend we our honeyed bells,
While the gossiping bee her story tells
Of the wealth to her waxen storehouse gone,
And drowsily hums and murmurs on;
And though she gathers our sweets the
while,
We welcome her in with a nod and a smile.

No rock is too high, no vale too low,
For our fragile and tremulous forms to grow.
Sometimes we crown
The castle's dizziest tower, and look
Laughingly down
On the pygmy men in the world below,
Wearily wandering to and fro.
Sometimes we dwell on the cragged crest
Of mountain high ;
And the ruddy sun, from the blue sea's breast,
Climbing the sky,
Looks from his couch of glory up,
And lights the dew in the bluebell's cup.
We are crowning the mountains
With azure bells,
Or decking the fountains
In forest dells,
Or wreathing the ruin with clusters gray,
And nodding and laughing the livelong day ;
Then, chiming our lullaby, tired with play.
Are we not beautiful ? O, are not we
The darlings of mountain, and moorland, and
lea ?
Plunge in the forest — are we not fair ?
Go to the high road — we'll meet you there.
O, where is the flower that content may tell,
Like the laughing, and nodding, and dancing
bluebell ?

THE CAD'S DECISIONS.

1. HAVING heard that the cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report.

2. Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the *cadi's* town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed.

He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple, seizing the border of his garment, asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

3. "What dost thou want?" asked the sheik.*
"I have already given thee alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says, not only — 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well! and what can I do for thee?"

4. "Thou canst save me, — poor crawling creature that I am! — from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

"And how can I save thee?"

5. "By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas. And, stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him; a business which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

6. The strangely-assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place.

"Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

* Pronounced *sheek*.

"What for?"

7. "To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just *cadi*, and that, if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor?"

8. "Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that, when he sees us two, — you, with your strong, straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet, — he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"

9. "Should he do so, he would not be the *just cadi*," said Bou-Akas.

"O, as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."

"So!" thought the sheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." He said aloud, "I am content — we will go before the *cadi*."

10. Arrived at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would, of course, take precedence of theirs.

11. The first was between a *taleb*, or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the *taleb's* wife, whom the peasant asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher.

12. The woman remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision excessively difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

13. The learned man and the laborer each bowed and retired ; and the next cause was called.

This was a difference between a butcher and an oil seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first : —

14. " I went to buy some oil from this man, and, in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go ; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist.

" Now, I assert that this man is a liar, when he says that I stole his money ; for the money is truly mine own."

15. Then spoke the oil merchant : —

" This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, ' Have you change for a piece of gold ? ' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out, ' Robber ! ' "

16. " In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money ; so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case. Now, I assert that this man is a liar, when he says that I want to steal his money ; for it is truly mine own."

17. The cadî caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, " Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

18. The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the cadî's mantle. After which, he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

19. "My lord cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd.

20. "I consented, but, when we reached the market-place, he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most. That, my lord cadi, is precisely ~~the state of the case.~~"

21. "My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, ~~which~~ belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I good naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me.

22. "But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case."

23. Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions,

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. ON the morrow, a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions.

The *taleb* and the peasant were called first.

2. "Take away thy wife," said the *cadi* to the former, "and keep her."

Then, turning towards an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows."

He was instantly obeyed, and the *taleb* carried off his wife.

3. Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the *cadi* to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then, pointing to the oil merchant, he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows."

4. It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Would'st thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas.

5. "Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the *cadi* to Bou-Akas.

6. They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst the twenty which were standing side by side.

"Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither."

7. The disguised sheik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick eyes and a good memory, so that he

was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

8. "'Tis well," said the cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced.

"The horse is thine;" said the cadi to Bou-Akas. "Go to the stable, and take him." Then to the officer, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

9. It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

10. "No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik. "But I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

11. The cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained, for a night, the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

12. "Well, early in the morning, I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly,

'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity.

13. "So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands — she must belong to the *taleb*.'" "

"Good," said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly I did."

14. "Well, I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water.' So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

15. Bou-Akas nodded, in token of approval.

"Good," said he. "And my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

16. "My object in bringing you separately to the stable was, not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

17. Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said, —

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear I could not fill thy place as *cadi*!"

THE REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

1. MR. SPEAKER:—The gentlemen who favor this project cannot, as it seems to me, have viewed it as it is.

2. We are going to remove the Indians from their homes. An unoffending community, who live, as we do, by husbandry and the industrious trades, are to be driven from their homes to a distant wilderness. They are to go in families; the old and the young, wives and children, the feeble and the sick.

3. And how are they to go? Not in luxurious carriages, — they are poor; not in stage coaches, — they go to a region where there are none; not even in wagons, nor on horseback, — for they are to go in the least expensive manner possible.

4. They are to go on foot; nay, they are to be driven by contract! The price has been reduced, and is still further to be reduced; it is to be reduced by sending them by contract; it is to be screwed down to the least farthing — to eight dollars per head.

5. A community of civilized people, of all ages, sexes; and conditions of bodily health, is to be dragged hundreds of miles, over mountains, rivers, and deserts, where there are no roads, no bridges, no habitations. And this is to be done for eight dollars a head, and done by contract!

6. The question is to be, What is the least for which you will take so many hundred families, averaging so many infirm old men, so many little children, so many lame, feeble, and sick? What will you contract for? The imagination sickens at the thought of what may happen to a company of these emigrants, which may prove less strong, less able to pursue the journey, than was anticipated.

7. Will the contractor stop for the old men to rest, for the sick to get well, for the fainting women and children to revive? He will not; he cannot afford to. And this process is to be extended to every family in a population of seventy-five thousand souls. This is what we call the removal of the Indians!

8. It is very easy to talk of this subject, reposing on these luxurious chairs, and protected by these massy walls, and this gorgeous canopy, from the power of the elements. *Removal* is a soft word, and words are delusive.

9. But let gentlemen take the matter home to themselves and their neighbors. There are seventy-five thousand Indians to be removed. This is not less than the population of two congressional districts.

10. We are going, then, to take a population of Indians — of families who live, as we do, in houses, work, as we do, in the field or the workshop, at the plough and the loom, who are governed, as we are, by laws, who send their children to school, and who attend themselves on the ministry of the Christian faith — to march them from their homes, and put them down in a remote, unexplored district.

11. We are going to do it — this Congress is going to do it — this is a bill to do it! Now, let any gentleman think how he would stand, were he to go home and tell his constituents that they were to be removed, whole counties of them; they must fly before the wrath of insupportable laws; they must go to a distant desert beyond Arkansas, go for eight dollars a head, by contract; that this was the policy of the government; that the bill had passed, the money was voted, you had voted for it, and go they must.

12. Is the case any the less strong because it applies to these poor, unrepresented tribes? If they

have rights, are not those rights sacred, as sacred as ours, as sacred as the rights of any congressional district?

13. Are there two kinds of rights — rights of the strong, which you respect because you must; and rights of the weak, on which you trample because you dare? I ask gentlemen again to think what this measure *is*, not what it is called; to reflect on the reception it would meet with if proposed to those who are able to make their wishes respected.

14. Why, sir, if you were to go to the least favored district in the Union, — the poorest soil, the severest climate, the most unhealthy region, — and ask them thus to remove, were it but to the next state, they would not listen to you — they would not stir an inch. But to take up hundreds and thousands of families, to carry them off unmeasured distances, and scatter them over a wilderness unknown to civilized man — they would think you insane to name it!

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it!

2. And among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has.

3. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable.

4. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

5. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

6. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. I cry aloud to all, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice, Here it is, gentlemen! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen; walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

7. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

8. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be 'anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam.

9. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

10. Who next? That elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir — no harm done, I hope!

11. Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

12. Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath the darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement.

13. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child.

14. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one.

THE SAME. — CONTINUED.

1. FINALLY, cellars were dug on all sides, and cart loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet.

2. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water,

too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

3. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or some where along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle.

4. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessels. An ox is your true toper.

5. But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Far be it from me to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf.

6. But these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still.

7. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and

brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst.

8. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame.

9. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war — the drunkenness of nations — perhaps, will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy — a calm bliss of temperate affections — shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close.

10. Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir!

11. My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected every where, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause.

THE SPARROWS.

1. WHAT a great time the sparrows have in the fall of the year, making preparations to go on their southern journey. They seem to be very fond of company. "The more the merrier," is their motto. When the leaves of the forest trees begin to fade, and the first frosts appear, these little birds begin to assemble in flocks.

2. At first, you will see only a dozen or two together. But the number rapidly increases as the autumn advances. Before the weather becomes very cold, hundreds join the party. They seem to know, by the signs they discover around them, that winter is coming; and so they set themselves about the business of preparing for it.

3. Dear reader, these little birds show their wisdom in this provision for the future. They are taught that they cannot endure the cold of a northern clime, that they cannot remain where the ground is wrapped in a mantle of snow. In the language of another, —

" Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
For this, even now, they prune their vigorous
wing;

For this consult, advise, prepare, excite,
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

" And does no power its friendly aid dispense,
Nor give us tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time? "

" Yes, yes! the sacred oracles we read,
Point out the path to brighter realms above;

They bid our hearts nor death nor anguish heed,
Secure of joy where all is peace and love.

" Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode ;
Obey the call, and trust our Leader's care,
To bring us safe to see our Father, God.

" Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
No doubts divert our steady steps aside,
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die ;
Heaven is our hope, and Providence our

guide."

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